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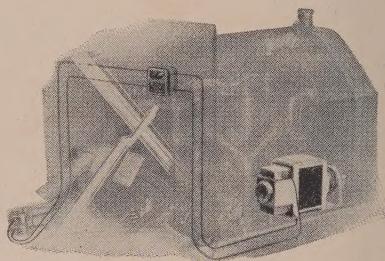
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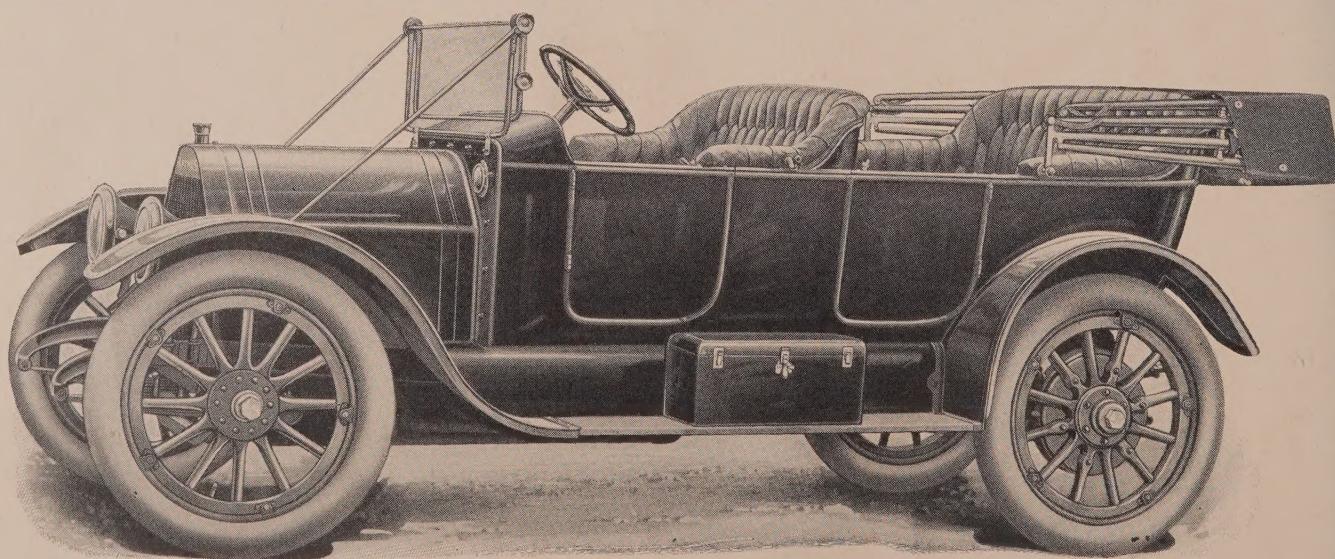


This photograph shows the 12-volt generator connected to the Willard Elba battery through cut-out on the dash. This cut-out is automatic in action and eliminates discharging the battery through the generator armature when the engine is not running. Note that the generator wires terminate at the battery terminal on the drum switch. The battery is 12-volt, 100 ampere hours, and supplies current both for starting and lighting. Only three wires run from battery to lamps, thereby balancing the battery and giving standard 6-volt lights.

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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BALTIMORE

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 139

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Bangs

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

This American dancer will be starred this season by Messrs. Shubert in a sumptuous spectacular revue which, it is announced, will surpass anything ever seen here.

THE SEASON



Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS



White

ALLA NAZIMOVA

JOHN MASON



Sarony

MRS. FISKE

BILLIE BURKE

THE unusual activity of managers and dramatists, as seen in the forecast of productions for the coming season is significant of the vitality of the stage proper, uninfluenced in the slightest degree by circumstances which to some minds have appeared to be of a portentous and disturbing character. The year of the Presidential election is not regarded with fear. Managers are preparing for new ventures with unprecedented zeal. The standard for success seems to be the best possible play, for which there is no dull season. The obvious truth seems to be at last recognized that it is only the bad play that experiences, uniformly, a bad season. The list of plays is uncommonly large. A few of these plays, as is always and necessarily the case with announcements, will be missing in the actual count of production, but the promise is for a brilliant season.

Charles Frohman will begin his New York activities with the opening of the Empire Theatre September 2, when Mr. John Drew will be seen in Alfred Sutro's four-act comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," which met with considerable success at Wyndham's Theatre in London last winter. Mr. Drew will be supported by Mary Boland. Following the Drew engagement Mme. Nazimova will make her first appearance at the Empire Theatre. This interesting actress will be seen in "Bella Donna," a four-act drama adapted from Robert Hichens's well-known novel. For Maude Adams, Mr. Frohman has arranged a season entirely devoted to the plays of J. M. Barrie. First Miss Adams will make an extensive tour in "Peter Pan," and then she will come to New York, appearing at the Empire in a new comedy by Mr. Barrie entitled "The Legion of Leonora." After this she will be seen in a special Barrie programme consisting of a fifty-minute play entitled "Rosalind and The Lady Shakespeare."

Mr. John Mason will be seen in Henry Bernstein's latest play, "The Attack," which has met with great success at the Gymnase in Paris. Mr. Mason's company will include Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress, who is new to this country, Lolla Clifton and Sidney Herbert. Billie Burke will open the Lyceum Sept. 9 with Pinero's play, "The Mind the Paint Girl," which calls for no fewer than forty-four people. Owing to the magnitude of this production the piece will be given only in New York and the most important cities. Ethel Barrymore has a new play by Henry Bernstein, as yet unnamed, but she will not be seen in New York until after Christmas. Donald Brian, of "Merry Widow" fame, will appear under Mr. Frohman's management in a new musical piece called "The Marriage Market." Although the book and music of this piece were written in Germany, where it is now being played, the scenes are laid in California. Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Model," which ran all last season in Chicago under the title "When It Comes Home," opens the season at the

OF 1912-13

Harris August 31. Otis Skinner will continue in "Kismet" throughout the season, and William Gillette will be seen in New York during the winter. "The Sunshine Girl," with Julia Sanderson in the title rôle, will be seen after Christmas, and about the same time Leo Falls' new play, "The Doll Girl," is also scheduled for production.

Prominent among the foreign plays which have had great success abroad, and which Mr. Frohman will present here, is "Primerose," a comedy in three acts, by MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, which has had great success at the Comédie Française. This play will be seen in New York in November with a special cast, including Alexandria Carlisle. A drama called "The Spy" from the Porte St. Martin Theatre is also to be seen here, but perhaps the most elaborate production which Mr. Frohman will make this season is the latest success from the Paris Odéon, entitled "The Honor of Japan," which calls for the employment of two hundred people and sixteen sets of scenery. Marie Doro will be seen after Christmas in a special programme made up of plays by Barrie, Shaw and Pinero. Charles Cherry will open the season in "Passers By," and later will come to New York in a new play.

Mrs. Fiske will be seen in a new play by Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell." The play, which is modern in theme, will be produced in Chicago in October and afterwards seen in New York. Later in the season Mr. Fiske will produce a play by Harriet Ford.

David Warfield will go on tour with "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Blanche Bates will do likewise with "Nobody's Widow." The plans of Nance O'Neil are as yet indefinite. Frances Starr will be seen in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," at the Belasco Theatre on September 30. Another Belasco production, "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley, will be seen at the Republic on September 5th, with Gladys Hanson in the leading rôle.

The Little Theatre's second season will open September 16th with Granville Barker's London company in George Bernard Shaw's new satirical comedy, "Fanny's First Play," which is now half way through its second year's run in London. Granville Barker will come to America himself a little later in the season to present a series of plays, including "The Voysey Inheritance," "Waste" and "Prunella, or In a Dutch Garden." Marguerite Clark will probably be seen in the rôle of Prunella. In October a dramatization of the Grimm Brothers' fairy story, "Snow White," will be presented at the Little Theatre at a series of special matinées. Another production scheduled by Mr. Ames is Arthur Schnitzler's comedy, "Anatol," a series of love affairs between a gay young Viennese bachelor and different ladies of various stations of life, in which John Barrymore will be seen in the title rôle. Mr. Ames will have a number of pro-



Sands

JULIA MARLOWE



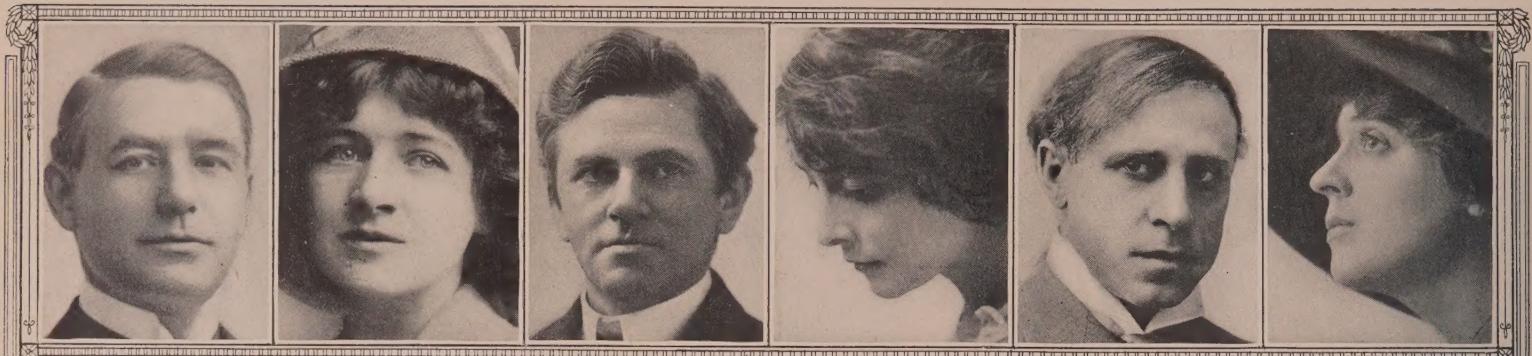
JOHN DREW

ETHEL BARRYMORE



VIOLA ALLEN

Sarony GRACE GEORGE



CHARLES RICHMAN

FRANCES STARR

DAVID WARFIELD

MARIE DORO

LOUIS MANN

JANE COWL

ductions outside of the Little Theatre. Two of these are "Romance," a new drama by Edward Sheldon, and Henry Kitchell Webster's play, "June Madness," which was seen in Chicago late last spring.

The Shuberts will have the direction of more than fifty dramatic and musical companies. At one of their Broadway theatres, they will present Carl Rossler's comedy, "The Golden Lane," called in the original "The Five Frankfurters." The play treats of the astonishing rise to power and affluence of the Rothschild family. Two American plays to be produced are "Birthright," a drama by Constance Skinner, and "The Cinch," a farce by Edgar Franklin and Matthew White, Jr. Another play is Lucille LaVerne's dramatization of Will N. Haben's novel, "Ann Boyd." The plays from German sources are: "Love and Hate," a play by Louis Lehár, a cousin of Franz Lehár, the composer; "Die Kinder," a satire by Herman Behr, author of "The Concert;" "The Hawk," a thief play by Gustav Esman; "The Dirigible Airship," a farce by Emil Norini and Ernst Baum, and "A Thousand Kronen," by Alexander Engle and Julius Horst. The only drama from the French will be an American version of "Les Petites," the play by Lucien Nepoty. Sam Bernard has a new vehicle, music by Franz Lehár and book by Paul Potter and Edgar Smith. Another ambitious Shubert production will be the Reinhardt "Liebe Augustine" (Offenbach's famous operetta "Belle Hélène"), which is now running in London under the name of "Princess Caprice." The music is by Leo Fall, the book by Rudolph Bernauer and Ernst Welisch.

Among the American productions will be "The Girl and the Miner," by Rida Johnson Young, with lyrics by Paul West and music by Jerome Kern; a new musical comedy, the book of which is now being written by George Bronson-Howard; and Gertrude Hoffman in a new and extraordinary revue. Among the foreign musical works are "The Perfume Shop," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, with music by Leslie Stuart; "Kean," a musical version of "The Royal Box," with a book by Charles Cassmann and music by Alexander Stefanides; "Cousin Bobby," by Jacobson and Wagner, with music by Karl Millocker; "Madame Flirt," a farce, with music by Anselm Gotzl and book by Fritz Brunbaum and Heinz Reichert, adapted by Leonard Liebling; "The Millionaire's Bride," by A. M. Willner

and E. Line, with music by Heinrich Berte;

"The Astrologer," by Rudolph Schanzer, with music by Robert Leonard, and a new German musical piece entitled "Samples." A unique musical production will be the French revue called "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," in which the famous detective and the famous thief are pitted against each other with what are said to be singularly humorous results. The largest of the Shubert productions will be the new Hippodrome entertainment, "Under Many Flags," which will open on August 31. The dramatization of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," is a joint Shubert and Brady enterprise; also "Shan Magan," an Irish play, by George H. Jessop, in which George MacFarlane will star, and "The Drone," another Irish play. When the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company return to New York after completing their tour, two more Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be added to its list. One of these will be "Iolanthe"; the other has not been positively selected. Mr. Brady, the Messrs. Shubert and Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, London, will make two New York productions together at the Manhattan Opera House. These will be the Drury Lane pantomime, "'Op o' My Thumb" and the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip." E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue under the Shubert direction, playing a season in New York and also an extended road tour. Among the musical hits that will go on the road are "The Kiss Waltz," "Two Little Brides," with James T. Powers; Gaby Deslys in "Vera Violetta," and "The Whirl of Society," with Al Jolson. "The Blue Bird" will again be sent through the country, and "Sumurun" will be seen in other cities. The original company of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will remain at the Comedy Theatre and several other organizations will go on tour with this Scottish comedy. Several companies will also present "A Butterfly on the Wheel." Lewis Waller, the English actor, will open his own season at Daly's Theatre in September in a new play by Edward Knoblauch entitled "Discovering America."

The announcements of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are interesting. They include "The Count of Luxembourg," a musical play, which has had considerable success in London, and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," a musical comedy by Messrs. Caryll and McLellan. But perhaps the most important production of this management will be "Milestones," the new play by



OTIS SKINNER



NANCE O'NEIL



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LEWIS WALLER



HENRY MILLER

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

JOHN BARRYMORE

BLANCHE BATES

HENRY B. WARNER

ELsie FERGUSON

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which will be presented simultaneously in New York and Chicago. Another play, "Eva," with Elsie Ferguson in the leading rôle, opens in Chicago. In September Charlotte Walker opens in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and in October Robert Hilliard will be seen in "The Argyle Case;" Edith Taliafferro goes to London to play "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm;" Henry Miller will continue in his successful play, "The Rainbow;" Laura Hope Crews has a new play by A. E. Thomas. Other productions by this management are "The Plain Woman," by Eugene Walter; "The Money Burners," by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell and "The Little Café."

Among Henry W. Savage's productions are: "The Million," the farce which was seen in New York last season; "Little Boy Blue," the Viennese operetta; "Everywoman" and "Excuse Me." There will also be "The Prince of Pilsen," with Jess Dandy as Hans Wagner, and "The Merry Widow," with Mable Wilber in the title rôle. "Somewhere Else," a fantasy by Avery Hopwood and Gustav Luders will also be produced.

Charles Dillingham will produce a musical piece entitled "The Lady of the Slipper," book by Anne Caldwell and Lawrence McCarthy. In the cast will appear Elsie Janis, Lydia Lopoukowa, Montgomery and Stone and Joseph Cawthorne. After "The Lady of the Slipper" Mr. Dillingham will star Fanny Ward in "Montmartre," a play by Pierre Fondia, which had a run in Paris. He will also produce a revue during the winter.

Louis Mann will continue presenting "Elevating a Husband," and Clara Lipman will be seen in a new play written by herself and Samuel Shipman, entitled "It Depends on the Woman."

William Faversham and Julie Opp will be seen in a splendid revival of "Julius Cæsar." Walker Whiteside will present Vraji (The Duke of Japan) and Sojin Kamiyami, from the Imperial Theatre of Tokio, to be supported by an American company, and to appear in a repertoire of Shakespeare, Sardou and Ibsen plays.

Pierre Loti is coming to New York for the first time to be present at the première of "The Daughter of Heaven," which he wrote in collaboration with Mlle. Judith Gautier. The play will be presented at the Century Theatre. Only three members of the cast are known—Viola Allen, Basil Gill and Henry Bergman—

but four hundred people will participate in the performance. Other interesting features of the Liebler company's announcements are the establishment of the Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre and the return to this country of both Mme. Simone and the Irish players. Mme. Simone is to have a play of the time of Louis XIV. written for her by Louis N. Parker and D. Devere Stackpole. In September Robert Lorraine is to appear here, reviving G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman," and later on in the season he may be seen in New York in a new play. H. B. Warner is to appear in a new piece entitled "Buxl" at the Hudson on September 5th. This play is from the German of Arno Holz and Oscar Jerschke, the English version having been prepared by Rudolph Besier.

That popular young actor, Richard Bennett, who appeared in "Passers By" all last season, will be seen in a new play written by Joseph Medill Patterson. Rachel Crother's latest play, "The Herfords," has been announced as an early New York attraction. On Labor Day George Aliss will resume his run at Wallack's in "Disraeli." New plays by Bayard Veiller, George A. Birmingham and others complete this management's list of novelties. "The Garden of Allah," with Dorothy Donnelly, Lawson Butt and Arthur Forrest in the cast, and "Oliver Twist," with Marie Doro, Wilton Lackaye, Constance Collier and Edmund Breese, both open in Chicago about Labor Day. William Hodge opens his sixth season in "The Man from Home" in Boston on the same date. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "Pomander Walk" both go on tour again.

Grace George will appear at The Playhouse in November. It is also likely that she will be seen in "Turandot," the Chinese play by Volmoeller, produced by Prof. Max Reinhardt. This play created a tremendous sensation in Berlin. Miss George has a new play by Edward Sheldon and Harrison Rhodes; another nearly completed by Avery Hopwood; another, entitled "The Woman of It," by a noted English dramatist, and "The Folly of It All" by Horace Collins. Miss George will carry out her plan of a repertoire season at The Playhouse.

Justin Huntley McCarthy has delivered the manuscript of "Charlemagne, the Conqueror" to Mr. Brady. Robert Mantell is to appear in this production. With Mr. Mantell and a special star cast Mr. Brady (*Continued on page xi*)



ROBERT MANTELL



DOROTHY DONNELLY



RICHARD BENNETT



SCENE IN JUDITH GAUTIER'S AND PIERRE LOTI'S ORIENTAL DRAMA, "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"

The "Daughter of Heaven" and Its Strange Authors

NEXT month the Century Theatre will produce a spectacle drama that will surpass even its own record in the similar productions of "The Blue Bird" and "The Garden of Allah." The play, which will require four hundred persons for its interpretation, has the title "The Daughter of Heaven." Its theme is the self-martyrdom of an empress; its cause of action the spirit that animates a Kentucky feud, the hatred deepened by centuries of granite-like tradition and broadened to the borders of two empires.

The writing of this play caused a strange mental mating, that of two Orientalists, Judith Gautier, daughter of the famous poet, Theophile Gautier, and Pierre Loti, the well-known academician and novelist. To genius a spark of fact is often enough to kindle a conflagration of inspired creation. Less than a quarter of a century ago a revolution placed a Ming descendant upon the throne at

Upon such foundation of fact Judith Gautier and Pierre Loti—who have never met, but have conducted their collaboration by correspondence—have reared their structure. Instead of a Son of Heaven ruling at Nankin, as contemporary of the Tartar Emperor enthroned at Pekin, the authors make the ruler a Daughter of Heaven. She is of the Ming dynasty, the pure Chinese blood. Tradition has it that for three centuries no Chinese woman has ever loved a Tartar. Here exists the possibility of a love interest. The authors create a hero, a Tartar Emperor, who desires to unite all interests and factions in his vast empire. He hears of the great beauty of the rebel Empress at Nankin and desires to gaze upon his beautiful enemy. Against the urgent entreaties of his counselors he makes a journey into the rebel country. He gazes upon her beauty and sees that fame has not outrun its greatness. That drama which is conflict of wills, the crossing of the swords of love and tradition, of love and patriotism, follows.

The first act takes place at Nankin. The occasion is the consecration of the regent, who is to reign during her son's minority. The Emperor arrives from Pekin in the disguise of a viceroy from a southern province and enters the royal gardens. He watches the procession of eunuchs bearing the maids of honor in palanquins to the palace. There appears a beautiful child attended by a bodyguard of slaves and a tutor. It is the little Emperor, whose widowed mother is that day to be crowned regent. The regal



Judith Gautier

Nankin. His reign of seventeen years was characterized by his happy subjects as "The era of heavenly peace," yet after his death the revolt against this overturning of tradition began. His body was disinterred and burned, and its ashes cast to the winds and sea. All records of the era of heavenly peace were burned. That one of native Chinese blood should have ruled instead of the all-conquering Tartars shocked the sense of tradition. The awful fact was expunged from history. Only "foreign devils" dare revive it in story or drama.



Pierre Loti

infant sees the disguised stranger and conceives a childish fancy for him. The infant, who has been playing with a pinwheel, presents it to the stranger with the words:

"You may give this for me to your little boy."

"Alas! dear child," returns the sovereign, who is his hereditary enemy, "I have no son."

"Then keep it yourself," returns the little one, "in memory of a child who has no father."

The invader accepts the childish gift, fastens it in his robe of purple silk, encrusted with embroidery of gems. Plucking one of these gems, a ruby, from his breast, he places it in the tiny, outstretched hand.

"I thank Your Majesty," he says. "Accept in exchange this jewel in remembrance of one whose greatest wish would be to have you for his son."

The child resumes his way to the palace and the curtain descends upon a scene, the beauty and delicacy of which prepares the mind for the drama which follows. The second scene of this act reveals the throne room of the palace at Nankin. Again the lad of the Ming dynasty is shown, but this time there sits enthroned beside him a woman of regal and surpassing beauty.

For this scene Edward Morange, the scenic artist, paid a special visit to China to get inspiration for his big canvases. He will furnish an exact reproduction of the royal palace of China, its priceless silks, its magnificent embroideries and wrought images of the golden dragon. The wardrobe artist brought from Milan, for the correct costuming of the play, will make the robes and jewels worn by the regent the most sumptuous seen upon the American stage.

But the authors, who know their China so profoundly, care less for effects of the eye than for those of the mind. What they have created as an appeal of unique power to the dramatic sense of the audience is the following speech made from his knees by the Tartar Emperor, still disguised as Viceroy from the South. In tones of so strong emotion that the regent bends the royal head to hear, her cheek overspread by a pink flush, he says:

"O, Divine Majesty! why am I, your slave, though at this moment a dignitary of the Empire, not an immortal, to enable me to create for you a path of eternal triumph to overcome a threatening fate? Why is my will, so fervently desirous of creating for you a united and triumphant

progress, so powerless? Because of my inability to conquer any fate that threatens you, what a tumult of desires and emotions torment my soul! Behold, however, to what extent the celestial brilliance of your presence enlightens and inspires me. A dazzling light that emanates from Your Majesty seems to drive the fogs from the horizon and to pierce the shadows, and I see you yonder in the palace of the Mings. I see you seated and all powerful on the throne of the Tartar Emperor. The immense empire, united and at peace, stretches beneath those little feet a carpet of glory. No, destiny will never prevail in any cruel intent toward you. Before your sacred presence war will not prevail. For some persons, superior to the rest, do not the laws of earth and heaven seem to yield? Recall that beautiful woman who conquered the heart of a sovereign, your ancestor, and who, when she had fallen from imperial favor, smiled so serenely at her executioners that they flung their weapons and themselves at her feet. So, Imperial Majesty, may you always triumph over malevolent fate!"

Deeply moved, the Empress, leaning toward the kneeling man, replies:

"Thanks, my noble subject. Your daring words have surprised, but they have also charmed us. The tragic conditions of the regency are an excuse for ardent thoughts and unique discourse. We have been profoundly moved by your prophetic vision. Thanks to you and thanks to all."

The second act discloses the regent in the royal gardens. To her pavilion she summons an astrologer, whom she asks

the meaning of a strange and troubling dream.

"I dreamed that I was about to become the prey of a serpent. 'Twas a serpent with shining scales. Slowly he wound himself about me. Coil upon coil was encompassing my person. Yet, staring into his brilliant, cruel eyes I did not resist. I became languid, yet the languor of that yielding was delightful. By a supreme effort I tried to free myself from his deadly coils and awoke. Tell me, O man who reads the stars, what means this tormenting vision?"

"Your Majesty, what you saw was the dragon of China, coming to rob you of your greatest treasure. But the Phoenix will escape."

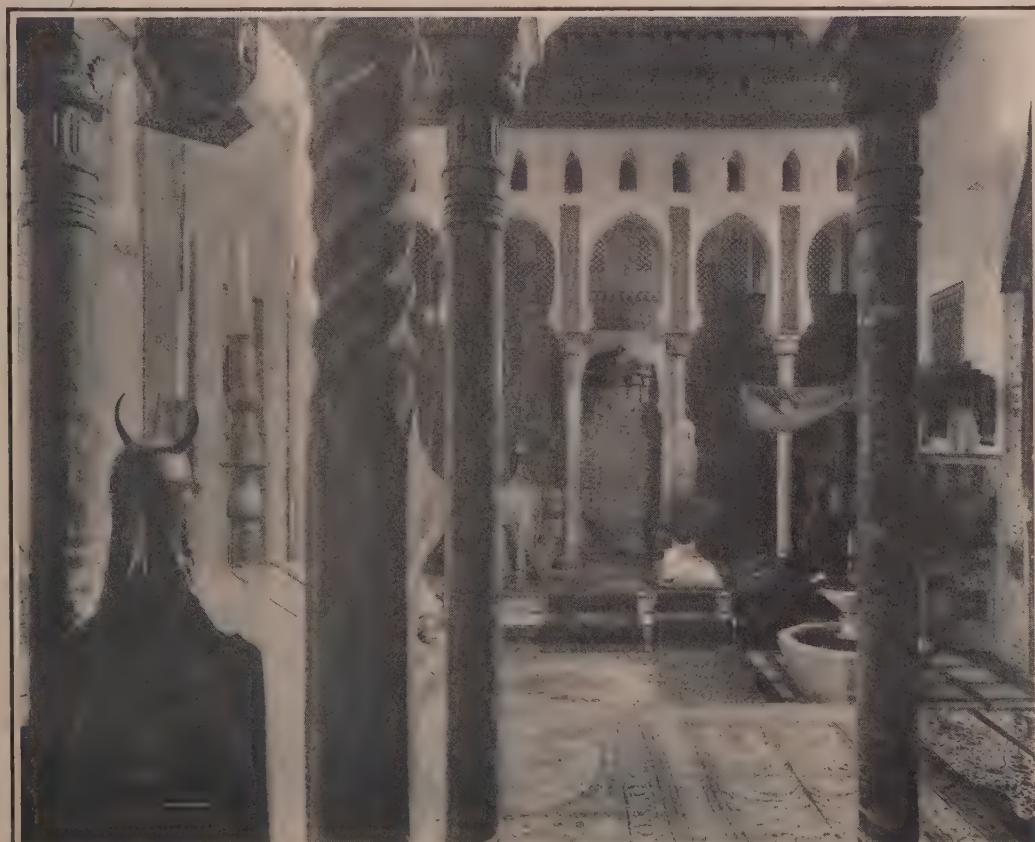
There is another meeting between the Empress and the Emperor, whom she has enslaved. It is after two Tartars have attempted to kidnap the infant Emperor. Spies from the advancing Manchu army have gained entrance to the palace, and only by an accident been foiled in their effort at royal kidnapping. The Empress says to him:

"You gave my son a marvelously carved jewel. He is charmed by the gift and desires that I present you, on his behalf, this emblem of the Empress, a Phoenix with wings of sapphires and rubies."

The Emperor, still in his disguise as Viceroy, sinks to his knees. Stretching forth a trembling hand



PIERRE LOTI AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN



A VIEW OF PIERRE LOTI'S CELEBRATED "MOSQUE" AT HIS HOME AT ROCHEFORT, FRANCE

for this sign of royal favor, he replies with much emotion: "I swear it shall never leave me!"

The Empress looks at him with a half royal, half womanly glance, and then, attaching the jewel to his belt, he continues with agitation:

"Until this day I have seen only the nests of common birds and did not believe there existed that wonderful bird, the Phoenix. But to-day my eyes have been opened. Her existence has been revealed to me."

The regent sighs. Mournfully she replies:

"Alas! The Phoenix and the Dragon nowadays are laden with chains and cannot fly to the clouds as they would like."

"Would that I were the Tartar Emperor who reigns at Pekin!"

The empress looks closely at him, her manner showing alarm.

"What a strange desire! You would wish to be my mortal enemy?"

"Only to place all China at your feet. So that I might return to you, of the pure blood of China, that throne which was seized by the usurper, and thereafter to become your faithful subject."

"What a dream! From this Tartar Emperor I would be able to accept nothing but death. Do not wish to be any other than yourself, for no one else has ever awakened in me such deep sympathy. Do not forsake the palace. Await the royal order. Since you are not ambitious for yourself, I will be ambitious for you and keep you near me."

As she moves away, smiling a sweet and stately farewell, her royal admirer gives his mysterious assurance:

"Whether my person is near or far, my thoughts will always remain prostrated at the feet of your Majesty."

Briefly the pair report their conclusions from this strange interview. To her lady in waiting the regent says sighingly:

"I have been foolish, but how happy are the foolish ones! The words flew from my mouth as captive birds spring through the door for a moment left open. My joy betrayed me."

The Tartar Emperor to his councilor says:

"By my disguise I have triumphed. For the first time in thrice an hundred years a Chinese woman loves a Tartar."

The climax of the play, the "big act" which represents the ambition of every playwright, every manager and every actor, shows the Empress and her faithful attendants in retreat at the last place of refuge of the Chinese, the door of her ancestral tomb. Says one of her faithful courtiers:

"Your soldiers, O Daughter of Heaven, beseech a last favor."

"Whatever they wish is theirs."

"See, they are piling the wood high. It is their wish to die before the Tartars arrive. It is their supreme wish that after they have mounted the funeral pyre your Majesty shall light it with your gracious hands."

A soldier approaches, bearing a burning torch. With steady hand the Empress receives it and turns a serene face upon the pitiable remnant of her army. The speech that follows is one of those which players regard as a prize and an opportunity. Flinging the torch upon the pyre she cries:

"O, my beloved soldiers, I, too, am dead as you. Already I am a dead woman, dead to all which is not of the fury of battle and vengeance and

hatred which knows no mercy. May the brightness of your bravery illumine the world!"

The soldiers spring into the flames, singing:

"May our little king live! May he live long and happily!"

As the smoke ascends and is wrapping the soldiers round, the distant tread of an army is heard. Knowing that the Tartars are approaching, the Empress enters the tomb. Standing at its door she cries to the remaining soldiers waiting their turn upon the funeral pyre:

"Close upon me this door of bronze forever. Seal tightly, my friends, the last palace of your Empress. Roll up the great rock. Wall well in her tomb the living dead!"

As the Tartar army appears the Empress vanishes and the soldiers swing back the huge bronze door. The army of Tartars frenziedly attack the little guard of Chinese soldiers. The Tartars force their way to the door of the tomb. Amid sounds of frenzied attacks the curtain falls.

In the last act the interest is as strong, the conflict as great, as in the third. Like the first act, this has two scenes. The first is the place of execution. There many of the captive soldiers, remaining faithful to the Ming dynasty, are about to be beheaded. At the last moment comes an order from the Tartar Emperor to stop the execution. The final scene is that of an audience of the defeated Empress from Nankin with the Emperor at Pekin. The dialogue reveals that while they talk the funeral of the little Emperor of the Ming dynasty is taking place. The Emperor endeavors to lead her to a place on the throne beside him. She resists. He says:

"It was not to satisfy a mere whim that I wished to see you seated here. What we have to say to each other is solemn indeed. It is a conference between two rulers,

between two great powers, an Emperor and an Empress. Here, apart from disturbing influences, we shall be able to consider wisely our godly mission."

"Between an Emperor and an Empress? I am a poor beaten captive."

"You are still a sovereign, doubly sovereign, mistress of all China and arbiter of my mind and heart."

In the voice of one in a wretched dream, the Empress answers:

"My dead await me. Their voices are in my ears. They call me. I must go!"

The Emperor seizes her hand.

"I must speak to you. Listen! When I met you I had been all my life a dreamer. Upon seeing you I awoke. From being a passive I became an active ruler of my people. There have been many obstacles to overcome. First I returned from your palace to this yellow city. I snatched from the hands of malefactors the power which they had swayed in my name while I dreamed dreams of an empire of peace. The war was in progress. Hatred prowled the land. Chinese and Tartars howled like wild beasts. The air smelled of blood. I could not stop it at once. You know this?"

"Yes."

"One cannot strangle the wolf of war by one grasp of hands. Do you believe that I did all I could to save your son?"

"Yes, now I believe it."

"I am telling you this so that you will not hate me."

"I do not hate you."



A PLAYER'S NEW YORK RESIDENCE

Miss Amelia Bingham's residence on Riverside Drive and formerly the home of Joseph Jefferson. The statues which ornament the facade of the house were purchased from the late Clyde Fitch, and represent "Dramatic Art," "Success," and "Victory."

"Your faithful subjects suffered and died against my will. I have issued an order of mercy to all. Already the effect is shown. The martyrdom has ceased."

"I grant that you are my great and generous foe."

"Not foe. Your lover. But of my love I dared not speak while war was between us."

"For that I thank you."

"On my ears your words fall cold and remote as icy rain in winter. Listen, I implore you. Though war has been between us, though your son is passing on his way to the forest of the last repose, I hold to my dream of extinguishing by our marriage the hatred of three centuries. My dream is of our love and bringing peace to our Empire."

"Ever since I saw your well-remembered face and you bade me sit beside you on that throne I have understood."

"And your wish?"

"The centuries are stronger than I. My dead are stronger than your living. So great a river of blood has flowed between us that we cannot cross it. No Emperor of the Tartars shall ever clasp my living hand. Farewell!"

She takes a vial of poison from her belt, avows her love for him, and dies with his arms enfolding her. After what seems a long time of silent grief, he lays her body gently at the foot of the throne, bids the throng waiting in the audience chamber enter and salute the Empress of China.

This is the story of the play. The story of its authors is as unusual. Both are mentally and largely in a social sense hermits. Judith Gautier knows more about China than the Chinese themselves, because she has delved yet more deeply into its rich past. She knows the habits, the color, the language of China. She is impatient of the present because to her it is commonplace, insipid. Of her, her illustrious father said: "She is the most astonishing creature in the world. She has a marvelous brain, but a brain that has absolutely no correlation with her personality, her conduct or her state in life. Before a sheet of paper she is merely an unconscious instrument." So said he to the Goncourts.

She discounts the value of her work. She laughs at it. A literary critic, deeply impressed with her work, calling on her to talk with her about it, was annoyed and revolted at her task, which was profoundly engaging her and which she continued. She was cutting from a raw turnip the statuette of Angelique, which she had seen in the salon the day before, and that it was a clever reproduction the disgusted literary critic admitted.

She lives in an apartment so loftily raised above the streets of Paris that her admirers have named it "The Tower of Ivory."

"Here I am in the Paris I love," she exclaims. "Although in it I am not of it. So far am I above the noises of the day that the sound of what is going on in the great world below me rarely reaches me. Here I hear no light rumors; the sound of scandal dies away before it mounts so high."

Yet brilliant folk of the world of art and letters and diplomacy



Mishkin

FLORENCE MALONE

Who will play the leading rôle in "The Talker," this coming season

mount to the tower that houses the gifted woman. Many of these are Chinese. "Never," it has been said, "has a Chinaman of high rank passed through the city without stopping to drink green tea with her and look at the manuscripts locked inside lacquered boxes, and admire this woman who renews on the continent of Europe the poetical delights which enchanted delicate minds of the largest empire in the time of the dynasty of song. She wrote "Livre de Jade" while a mere girl, and "The Dragon Imperial" two years afterward, leaping at once into a fame which she despised. Her memoirs concern her distinguished father and his illustrious contemporaries far more than herself. In them she describes "a very singular person who came into the room without any noise and bowed his head. He looked to me like a priest without a soutane." He was Baudelaire.

"I introduce my daughter to you," said my father.

"Ah," said the strange-looking person, "this is the mysterious "Quaragon" of whom one often hears but whom one never sees. You have made her as far as I can see after the model of your dreams, for she looks just like a little Greek girl."

"She was a tall, dark young girl, a sculptured figure, yet graceful, with a bright face, wide, deep black eyes, with a luminous smile, an admirable figure of a woman," was de Goncourt's impressionistic sketch of her.

Of Pierre Loti, her collaborator, much is known. He also lives remote from the world at Rochefort, where he was born. He preserves in the garden a plot of flowers like those he admired when a youth in his mother's garden. His house he has transformed into probably the most remarkable one in France. There he has the reproduction of a mosque, where, if he ever worships, he is said to worship, for he has confessed that he has the soul of a Mohammedan. In this house is a reproduction of the Chinese throne room, and there is a chamber that duplicates the mysterious rooms of India. There he gives banquets of Oriental splendor when he is moved to intercourse of his kind, which is not often, for a visiting friend tells of the strange reception accorded him when he called upon Loti while one of the frequent moods of silence was upon him.

The author grasped his hand and said, "You are welcome, but you must not expect me to talk to you," and together they smoked in silence until, an hour later, the visitor took his leave. It was his love of shade and silence and solitude that moved his fellow officers of the French navy to give him the name "Pierre Loti," which he adapted in one of his earliest books, and by which he has been known ever since.

ADA PATTERSON.



White

The burlesque on "Bunty Pulls the Strings"
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

"WHAT'S the matter, little girl; something wrong?"

The man asked the question with the gentle paternalism of the stage as he followed the young actress out of the elevator into the lower lobby of the big theatrical office building. She smiled gratefully. The sympathy in his voice was what she needed, and he, being a seasoned actor and cognizant of feminine moods, knew she was ready to cry over something, in spite of the careless shrug with which she replied:

"Oh, nothing particular. I've just come out of Wahlman's office. I was after the ingenue part of Nancy in that new production of his, 'Innocence.' I thought I'd get it, felt sure of it, in fact, for Wahlman had sent for me. I've been with him before, and he likes my work. Now he says—"

"Yes?"

"He says I won't do. I'm not the 'type.' "

"What is the 'type'?"

"Well, she's innocent and unsophisticated, and all that—just the kind of part I've always done, but she's rather tall and athletic, too. That's where I slipped up. Wahlman looked me over and turned me down cold."

"He didn't say you couldn't *play* the part?"

"It amounted to that. He said I didn't *look* it. So what's the use?"

"Didn't you try to make him give you a chance?"

"Of course I did. I told him I could play it—that I wasn't

A "Type" to Order

short, even if I wasn't exactly tall, and that I could make up to look like anything he wanted."

"Why didn't you insist until you persuaded him?"

"No use—he said I wasn't the *type*, and that settled it. So I—I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"Nothing," replied the old-time actor, slightly confused. "I only coughed. When I hear that word '*type*' it always chokes me. But I'll tell you where you made the mistake, my dear. You told Wahlman you could make up to look the part. *You should have made up before you went to see him.*"

"I don't understand."

"Come back further into the hallway, out of the rush, and I'll explain. . . . So! . . . Now, to begin with, this '*type*' fad of managers and authors is doing more to crush the art of acting than any other enemy it has. That is conceded by practically everybody. On the other hand, no one can deny that if the manager can find an actor who naturally fills every physical requirement of a character as the author conceives him, it saves trouble. This actor may not play the part as well as would another who does not look the character before he goes into the dressing-room, but he is the '*type*,' and that gets him the engagement."

"That's true," sighed the ingenue. "So what are you going to do about it?"

The ferule of the old-timer's cane struck the marble floor so emphatically that it rang again.



White

The burlesque on Mordkin and Pavlova of the Russian Ballet
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

"I'll tell you what to do about it—what I did two seasons ago, and which gave me a part that I've kept ever since."

"Yes, I've seen you in it," broke in the ingenue. "It's *Richard Croswell*, the young fellow in '*A Man and His Money*.' You have only a straight make-up, and yet—"

"Exactly. *Richard Croswell* is a tall, thin youngster, and I'm just the opposite. I am almost short, I am not very young, and I weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Of course I get the effect of height and slimness by the ordinary tricks of the dressing-room that every actor knows—'raisers' in my shoes, high heels, pompadour wig, vertical lines in making up the face, belting in, and so forth. There's nothing in that. Any actor who knows his business could look like *Richard Croswell*. The point is that I was the 'type' when I went after the engagement."

"Do you mean that you were slim at that time?"

"No. I was stouter than I am now, if anything—before I saw the manager. Yet as soon as he looked at me he decided that I was the 'type' he wanted. I saw it in his eye."

"You knew what the character was to look like before you went to him, of course?"

"Certainly. I got that from the agents. And it worried me, too, for I didn't know whether I could make it. However, I determined to have a good try, so I went to my room at the boarding house, locked myself in and worked in front of the mirror for two hours. At the end of that time I was a pretty fair *Richard Croswell*, so far as general appearance went. It was harder to make up for him then than it ever has been since. I had to use a light make-up on my face, and it took a lot of digging through my wardrobe to find tight-fitting clothes that I could wear. I found a striped suit that I hadn't used for three years—and I had been steadily getting heavier ever since. However, I squeezed into the coat and waistcoat and poured myself into the trousers. Then I put on a pair of special shoes that added two inches to my height, and topped off with a blonde wig brushed up in front, which gave me an inch or two more."

"That sounds well," observed the closely-listening ingenue, with professional discernment. "You must have looked much taller and thinner."

"I did. As soon as I was ready I hustled over to the manager's office. It was an inside room, looking into an air-shaft, with hardly any daylight. But I wouldn't have cared if it had been flooded with sunshine, for I felt sure my make-up was manager-proof. Anyhow, before I came out I had

a promise of the part, and was told to drop in the next day to sign the contract."

"Then you had to make up all over again?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that. It was easier than the first time. Besides, one can afford a little trouble for the sake of a good engagement—and I was actually getting the salary I'd asked for."

"But when the manager saw you at rehearsals, didn't he notice the difference in your looks? Or did you make up all the time?"

"Only for the first two or three rehearsals, until the stage manager got used to me. After that he wasn't bothering about my appearance. He had too much else to do. All he wanted of me then was that I should get the lines and business, and I worked hard to do that. At the dress rehearsal I was careful to look the part, and I made a hit at the opening performance. That gave me a strangle-hold on the part, and I've kept it ever since."

"I wish I'd seen you before I called on Wahlman about *Nancy*," murmured the girl.

"It isn't too late. You know what he wants now. Go home and make up for it, and give him another try to-morrow. If you look like it then, he'll think he didn't see straight to-day."

The ingenue shook her head doubtfully.

"I'll do it, but I haven't much hope. You wouldn't have if you'd heard Wahlman talk. He isn't very economizing."

Again the old-timer struck his cane on the floor with impatient force.

"I tell you, kiddo, you can get the engagement," he insisted. "Anyone can beat this 'type' thing if he only has the nerve. 'Type' be blowed! Suppose managers insisted on it for Shakespeare, where should we all be? *Juliet* is supposed to be sixteen years old. Did you ever know of a sixteen-year-old *Juliet* on the stage?"

"Florence Rockwell played the part at that age, didn't she?"

ventured the ingenue.

"I believe so. But she was the exception that proves the rule," was the old-timer's quick rejoinder. "I never heard of any others. Julia Marlowe and Sarah Bernhardt are very young-looking *Juliet*s, but they have both been out of their teens for some time. As for the *Romeos*, there are Soth-

ern and Faversham, middle-aged men, who can and do look twenty, and there were Edwin Booth and Kyrle Bellew, well on in years, who were boyish enough to be well-matched lovers for *Juliet*.

GEORGE C. JENKS.



White
GERTRUDE BRYAN AS "LITTLE BOY BLUE"



RICHARD CARLE AND HATTIE WILLIAMS
Now appearing in the leading rôles in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion

Shadings of Shylock



W. A. Sands

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS SHYLOCK

This popular actor will continue to appear in Shakespearian repertoire this season

C RITICS of the modern school, without attempting to be as iconoclastic as the late Count Tolstoi, are almost unanimous in the opinion that Shakespeare was a practical showman, as well as a poet. He wrote, not because the fire of genius burning within him created a desire on his part to raise his readers to an appreciation of lyric poetry, but for a reason far more common and commercial. With him, as with many of his successors, it was a matter of pounds and pence.

When, as a boy, Shakespeare turned his steps from quiet Stratford towards London, it is improbable that his heart yearned for the fame that is so often unaccompanied by material reward. He did not dream that the inscription above his tomb would one day be read with reverence and awe by a throng of pilgrims gathered from all parts of the world. He did not think of Shakespearian festivals and Shakespearian revivals—scenic and unscenic. It is more probable that he thought of himself as a man of affairs—a man whose face, to use his own words, would be seen “where merchants most do congregate.” It was necessity, chance, if you prefer, that lead him to the theatre. It was

luck that gave him his first work as an actor and ability that made him a stage director. The spark of genius had begun to blaze. Yet Shakespeare had not become an idealist.

At this time Shakespeare realized that there was money in the theatrical business if the patrons of the playhouses were pleased. As a dramatist and as a manager he endeavored to please. A well attended performance meant the same to Shakespeare as it does to Messrs. Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger, Brady or Shubert. It meant money, and it is to be believed that Shakespeare was just as ambitious to amass material goods as are his managerial brethren of the present day.

Shakespeare was, however, a real artist, possessed of certain ideas which he took pride in expressing through the medium of the theatre in which his plays were produced. Even Count Tolstoi ventured to say that these ideas were far in advance of the Elizabethan period. Here an obstacle presented itself to the poet-manager. In the case of Shylock this obstacle grew into a great barrier.

The Elizabethan Englishman had little consideration for the Jew. He demanded that the Jew on the stage be made a buffoon—a low comedy character. Shakespeare could not reconcile his own sentiments with those of his fellow countrymen. His mind was a century or more in advance of his time. To him the Jew was a fellow being, created by God and endowed not only with the same faculties, but the same rights as other men. When the two opposing forces came together—that is, the demands of the playgoers and the Shakespearian idea, the dramatist effected a compromise. He created a Jew whose character was so complex that the observer could find the essentials he wanted without suspecting that opposite elements were present in the creation. On the one hand, Shylock was revengeful, vicious, blood-thirsty; yet the real Shakespearian idea is to be found between the lines, and the money lender becomes a wronged man, a fond parent and an indulgent master who merely seeks retaliation for the abuse that has been heaped upon him.

This complexity of character offers a rich field for histrionic interpretation, and actors of the modern school have taken full advantage of the opportunities offered them for bringing out every shade of meaning intended by the author. A study of the Shylock of Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield as compared to that of Mr. Skinner, Mr. Mantell or the more extreme Mr. Greet will show the truth of this observation. The first-named actors based the interpretation of their rôles on the Shakespearian ideal. The last named, especially Mr. Greet, bring forth the Elizabethan conception of how the part should be played; the former inspires sympathy and even pity for the Jew, the latter dislike and aversion.

Sir Henry Irving, who is deemed by critics to have been the greatest of a long line of Shylocks, loved the part and it is said by his associates that he often shed real tears in the scene where Shylock laments the loss of his daughter. He first gained the sympathy of his audience by making his Shylock old and infirm with a shuffling step and a voice which trembled and broke whenever he was deeply moved by any emotion. In his first scene he played rapidly, coming to the point in which the bond is mentioned without that calculation and scheming that other actors have used who desired to portray Shylock as a confirmed villain, plotting to “catch Antonio upon the hip.” In this last scene Shylock speaks of the wrongs done him by Antonio. The actor’s tone was not defiant, but carried with it the note of complaint, like a child crying against a fancied injury done by its elders. It was not until after the elopement of Jessica that Mr. Irving began to emphasize the revengeful nature of the Jew. He was a parent, wronged by the daughter he loved and trusted. He was left alone in his old age and it was then that he sought reparation for the mistreatment he had been forced to endure. And as the court not only refuses to uphold his claim, but confiscates his property as well, he totters forth, we can easily imagine, to die



GLADYS HANSON

Who will play the leading rôle in Mr. Belasco's forthcoming production, "The Governor's Lady"

of a broken heart. Playing in this key, sounding strongly the minor notes throughout, it is no wonder that when the curtain descended on this scene, the audience should be weeping for Shylock rather than rejoicing in the good fortune of Antonio and his dowry hunting friend, Bassanio.

Following in a general way the interpretation laid down by Mr. Irving, the late Mr. Richard Mansfield gave us a Shylock which departed radically in its minute details from the creation of any other actor. He built up the part, surrounded it with a fine network of clever histrionism, making the Jew a fond father, a careful man of business, and in many ways a thoroughly likable old man.

There was one note which Mr. Mansfield sounded above all the rest and this was the Jewish love for virtue. The Mansfield Shylock brought this forth in a remarkable manner, and through it made the Shakespearean creation a living, breathing human. Shylock clung to his money bags simply because they were the only defense left the Venetian Jew of the period; but it was not the money bags that prompted Shylock to carry out his idea of revenge. That came later, when the honor of his daughter seemed to be in the balance, and the old Mosaic faith had been trampled under foot by the roistering young blades of Venice.

Those who closely followed Mr. Mansfield's method will also remember the little spark of humor that seemed to creep into the character like a tiny ray of sunlight peeping through the clouds. It was found in the scene where the shiftless Launcelot Gobbo came to deliver a message to Jessica. Shylock, believing that he has come to say farewell remarks: "The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." At the recitation of this line Mr. Mansfield's face relaxed into a half smile while his voice broke almost into a chuckle. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he regarded the clownish Gobbo and he seemed to dwell upon the incongruity of the lazy Launcelot being a member of a well ordered Jewish family.

At the conclusion of the trial scene, when Shylock, suffering under defeat, leaves the court room, the audience usually has much to speculate upon. Where does Shylock go and what does he do? These questions are bound to arise in the mind of any intelligent and observing playgoer. Mr. Mansfield almost gave an answer. Clutching the knife with which he had intended to cut the pound of flesh he tottered slowly and nervously across the stage. Almost imperceptibly he tapped his breast with the knife. Imperceptible as this action was, it carried a wealth of meaning to an audience; it must have carried to every mind the suggestion of suicide.

To Mr. Otis Skinner belongs the credit of having created a unique Shylock. He reverted to the Elizabethan standards of interpretation without making Shylock a buffoon. He secured the result without lowering the dignity of the character. Where both the Irving and Mansfield Shylocks had shown an old and infirm man, able at best to offer but a feeble resistance, the Skinner Shylock was young, full of life and that vivacity of mind that has always been characteristic of the Jew. In appearance he was a man of middle age without even a touch of grey in his hair or beard. Such a character would arouse no sympathy because of his age, and when he appeared on the stage, dressed in rich attire, an ermine lined cloak thrown about his shoulders, and a well filled purse swinging at his belt, the audience was fully prepared to accept him as a harsh, cruel and aggressive enemy whose only thought was of money and revenge.

Mr. Skinner read his lines with an accent pronouncedly Jewish, and in his first scene he dwelt upon every word, weighing them carefully, and at the same time planning how he could best get the advantage of Antonio, whom he had long despised as a rival. Shylock was always the central figure on the stage, and at no time did there appear to be the ghost of a show for Antonio until Portia arose to her great climax in the trial scene. Jessica became insignificant in the life of Shylock. It must be said, that although Mr. Skinner's technique was almost perfect and his interpretation artistic, the character lost much of its fine flavor, which is generally found to rest in the paternal love characteristic of the Jew.

Ben Greet has been referred to as an extremist. He appears so on the surface, yet when one becomes acquainted with his real purpose, one sees that he is not extreme merely from a desire to be different. Mr. Greet is a scholar who has, perhaps, made a closer study of the Elizabethan stage than any other actor of the present day. His idea, expressed in a letter to the present writer, is set forth in the following words:

"I have not attempted to play Shakespeare as it was played in the poet's time. Tradition has left too little upon which to base such acting. My only desire is to play the works of the great master as they were written. My versions are uncut and I have not re-arranged the text in order to allow the exploitation of any star or to permit heightened climaxes or stage pictures."

The Shylock of Mr. Greet, based on this theory, stands little above the other characters of the play. Like Mr. Skinner, Mr. Greet has made Shylock comparatively young, with a reddish beard and wig. The character is developed carefully and there are few softened notes.

PAUL R. MARTIN.



White

JULIA SANDERSON,
who will play the leading rôle in "The Sunshine Girl"



Walery

In "Ruy Blas"



Van Bosch

In "Hamlet"



L'Art du Théâtre

In "Oedipus Rex"



Mairet

In "Patrie"

EVERY once in a while there comes a period when complete stagnation results in

a particular form of art. Sometimes this occurs from want of popular demand, sometimes it is due to a lack of the creative element. The theatrical world has seen this condition time and again, and in the field of the poetic and tragic drama a real scarcity among the players exists throughout the world at the present day. This is not simply the wail of the old-time patron of the drama, who insists that things are not as they formerly were and that the kings and queens of the tragic muse are no more; it is a real condition that confronts us. Study the situation here and abroad and it will be discovered that in not one country will there be found extant a player who measures up to the best of the previous decade. But at least one giant of the past still lives and occasionally appears. France still has Mounet-Sully, who at the age of seventy-two celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his débüt at the Comédie Française.

The celebration, which occurred on July 4 last, took the form of a special performance of Racine's tragedy, "Adromaque," in which M. Mounet-Sully again acted the part of Orestes, the rôle in which he made his débüt at the Français forty years before. "It was a wonderful evening," says *Comœdia Illustré* "and the tragedian will long remember it among the most notable of his exceptional career. Some of the most eminent artists on the French stage appeared with him. Paul Mounet, Madame Bartet, Madame Segond-Weber and others. The last act closed with a veritable rain of flowers, and after the curtain's fall the celebration was continued in the Green Room, where the tragedian was presented with golden palms." The festivities did not even end that evening, for they were followed the next day by a luncheon at the Pré Catelan, at which congratulatory telegrams were read and speeches made. Everyone of any distinction and importance in the artistic world of Paris was there. All the members of the Comédie Française and other

France Honors an Actor

well-known actors and actresses, famous authors, prominent members of the Chamber of Deputies, and prominent journalists, all crowded eagerly to do honor to France's most distinguished player. Telegrams were received from Edmond Rostand, Sarah Bernhardt, Paul Déroulède and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Speeches were made by Adolphe Brisson, Pierre Decourcelle, Jules Claretie, M. Silvain, vice-doyen of the Comédie Française, and many others.

It was at Bergerac, a town in Gascony, on February 27th, 1841, that Jean Sully Mounet first saw the light. For stage purposes he transposed his patronymic, and as such has gained enduring fame in France as the legitimate successor to Talma in the great rôles of the romantic and classical repertoire. There is something in him of what is best associated with the literary ideals of the Gascon. Big physically, daring in spirit, romantic in bearing, he suggests outwardly the dashing D'Artagnan, while the poetical sensibility of Cyrano de Bergerac cannot be said to be lacking in his mental make-up. His family had destined him for the bar, but the spirit of the footlights was within him, and endowed with a noble and heroic figure and a voice which Jules Lemaitre later described as one of "bronze or Corinthian metal" he cast aside the dull processes of the law, went to Paris and, at the Conservatoire, took up a strict study of the stage under Bressant, who was then in charge of the curriculum. Mounet-Sully was then twenty-one years of age. His faith in his powers was later justified, for, in 1868, he took *Premier Accessit* and was duly enrolled as leading man at the Odéon, the second in importance of the municipally endowed theatres of Paris. Then came the Franco-Prussian war. Promptly offering his services to his country he was made a lieutenant of mounted infantry in the army of the Loire. Mounet-Sully was not only a brave officer, but an efficient one as well, and when the war

was over the authorities were most anxious that he should remain in the regular service, but he felt that he had done his duty



Photo Bert

MOUNET-SULLY
The distinguished French tragedian who recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his débüt on the stage

and that the peaceful walks of art were for him, and so back to the capital he came to take up his interrupted artistic career.

At this time Emile Perrin was the director of the Comédie Française. For lack of proper material, especially for the leads, it had been impossible to properly produce the masterpieces of Racine and Corneille. The Hugo drama, too, was languishing for a suitable exponent of its picturesque and long winded heroes. Perrin was anxious to overcome all this and to give those plays their fitting place in the programmes of the great National Theatre. In hunting around for his object he ran across Bressant and told him of his difficulties. "If you can get him he is the very man you want," Bressant replied. "Mounet-Sully would fill the bill in every particular. While a member of my class he was nicknamed by his associates 'Midi à quatorze heures,' for he is a dreamy genius, but has voice, figure and temperament for the rôles you suggest." Perrin found the Gascon, and on July 4th, 1872, Mounet-Sully made his début at the Théâtre Français as Orestes in Racine's "Andromaque" and, in the familiar parlance of the stage, awoke the next day to find himself famous, lauded to the echo by Lemaitre, Sarcey and the other great critics of that period. Just twenty-two years later he essayed this same rôle at the Knickerbocker (then Abbey's) Theatre in this city. Then over fifty years of age, it was not surprising that there was something lacking in the juvenescent fire of his fate-pursued youth, but it was still instinct with the grace and finish of a noble school and an impersonation of great beauty and vibrant power.

At the Comédie Française Mounet-Sully was also utilized in the modern drama, and in 1876 created the rôle of Gerald in "L'Etrangère" of Dumas fils, but he was not happy in the rôle. Conventional dress seemed to fetter and embarrass his art. Give him the robes of Greece, the enveloping folds of the Henri Quatre cloak, a sword and a waving plume and the fire and romance of the glorious past brought out and vivified all that was best in his feeling and execution. In "Zaire," "Ruy Blas," "Hernani" and

"Oedipus Rex" new honors awaited him, but it was not until he essayed Hamlet that literary Paris hailed him with undisguised joy and pride. It was the metrical version of Shakspeare's famous tragedy prepared by Dumas fils and Paul Meurice that he

presented and, strange enough, it was this very version that was rejected at the Français when offered forty years before.

In measuring the work of the leaders of the varying national schools in the presentation of the great histrionic rôles of the world-wide drama, one must employ a very catholic taste and bring to the effort a perfect freedom from insular prejudice. Hamlet is universal in his great human application, and there is, therefore, the widest range of difference in the manner and methods which Booth, Sonnenthal, Irving, Salvini, Beerbohm Tree, Fechter, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson and Mounet-Sully have severally employed in presenting the Prince of Denmark. Some of these notable players have been liked and admired in spots and aside from patriotic pride one has been declared supreme. In considering, therefore, the merits of Mounet-Sully's interpretation one must take into consideration the technic and methods of the French school of tragic acting. As is well known, it is coldly classical. The lilt of the Alexandrine, the almost universal method of expression, makes for monotony and gives the actor

few chances for those terrific moments of tragic uplift which come when the verse is couched in the sometimes harsh, but always sonorous, vigor of the Anglo-Saxon speech.

Mounet-Sully's Hamlet (he played it here at Abbey's on April 9th, 1894) was thoroughly picturesque, graciously elegant and poetically competent. But it was a lachrymose Hamlet, a neurotic one, in which over-wrought nerves played a more prominent part than the vacillating purpose of a great and distressed mind. It was always interesting from the point of view, but something too effeminate and bizarre for the American taste. As indicative of the actor's mind and style, the following from Professor Brander Matthews' interesting work, "The Theatres of Paris," sheds illuminating light:

(Continued on page ix)



WILLIAM MONTGOMERY AND FLORENCE MOORE
Who are appearing with great success in "Hanky Panky" at the Broadway Theatre



Sykes, Chicago

HELEN WARE

Who will be seen in New York, in October, in a new play called "The Trial Marriage"

O F the many distinguished English actors who visited this country during the last half of the nineteenth century, two

that I recall with especial pleasure are Edward A. Sothern and George Rignold, the one the most popular light comedian of his day, the other probably the best Henry V. ever seen on our shores.

Mr. Sothern I first saw in "Our American Cousin," with Joe Jefferson as Asa Trenchard and Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard. In his rôle of Lord Dundreary, Mr. Sothern became so celebrated and played it so constantly that it is hard to recall him in different characters, yet he was deservedly popular in "David Garrick" and other rôles. Like most comedians, he often insisted that he should have been a tragedian. To demonstrate this, he once played "Othello" at a great benefit performance in New York with Billy Florence as Iago and Lotta as Desdemona. His Othello was very handsome, and magnificently dressed, and the play started off well, but ere long Lotta cracked Othello under the chin and Florence got in some comedy work that convulsed the audience, whereupon Sothern yielded to the inevitable and turned the great tragedy into broad comedy.

Years ago I knew a jolly Englishwoman, Miss Amy Crawford, then

supporting Frank Mayo in "David Crockett," who told me a story illustrative of Sothern's fondness for joking. It appears that, at a party in England, Miss Crawford once met a young actor who told her that in his youth Sothern studied for the church and had given up with reluctance his desire to enter the ministry. Miss Crawford doubted the story and even wagered that it was untrue. She left the company about midnight, but before she had arisen in the morning received a telegram from Sothern at Liverpool, correctly addressed, which read, "I did not study for the church, but if you advise me that you so wish will leave the stage and prepare to take orders."

In 1881 I met, at Watch Hill, R. I., a gentleman named Dickinson, who had managed a theatre at Albany, N. Y., several years before, during the administration of Gov. John A. Dix. Sothern played an engagement at this theatre, in the course of which he played so many practical jokes on Mr. Dickinson that the latter determined to get square with the actor. This he did in a manner which he narrated to me as follows:

Dickinson had a friend employed in the executive department of the capitol, who, at his request procured him a letterhead and envelope with the lithographed head, "Executive Department." Upon the sheet Mr. Dickinson wrote with a disguised hand a letter purporting to be signed by the Governor, addressed to Mr. Sothern, stating that he had never had the pleasure of seeing him on the stage, and requesting that a box might be reserved for him that evening. The letter further requested Mr. Sothern to come to the executive department at five that evening to dine with the Governor.

This letter was sent by a boy to the theatre where Sothern was engaged in rehearsing and was handed to him on the stage. Reading it he summoned the messenger and asked, "Who is this from?" "From his excellency Governor Dix," said the boy who had been well coached. "All right," said Sothern, "Please say to his excellency that his request shall be complied with, and that a box will be placed at his disposal, and add that Mr. Sothern regrets that, owing to a want of writing material, he will have to defer answering the Governor in writing until he returns to the hotel." The boy bowed and left, and on his way out heard Sothern tell the treasurer to reserve a box for the Governor. All this was reported to Mr. Dickinson by the boy. As soon as the

Players I Have Known

BY A VETERAN CRITIC

rehearsal was over Sothern went to see Mr. Dickinson with the invitation in his hand, saying, "Dick, what does this mean?" Reading the letter Dickinson broke out, "My boy, this is an honor, indeed, why this letter of John A. Dix will some day be very valuable, if only for the autograph of the man who wrote, 'If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!' Why, I myself will give you fifty dollars for that letter. The old gentleman rarely writes personally and you are in luck." "Is that so," said Sothern, evidently delighted. "Then I suppose I must accept the dinner invitation." "Of course," Dickinson replied. "Well, then, I will hurry to the hotel and write an acceptance." This was just what Dickinson had dreaded, for, had he done this, Sothern's letter would have gone direct to the Governor, which had to be prevented. So he said, "Why not save time and write here at my desk." Sothern complied and wrote a courteous letter of acceptance, when Dickinson called a friend, who was unknown to Sothern, but who was in the secret, and said, "Take this at once to the capitol." The messenger left and kept out of sight till Sothern went to his hotel, when he returned the letter to Mr. Dickinson.

A little before five o'clock Dickinson repaired to the executive room of the capitol and induced his friend there to hide him behind a screen in the anteroom. In a few moments there was a knock at the door, which was opened by a doorkeeper who was, of course, ignorant of the plot. Mr. Sothern was heard to say, "Is his excellency within?" "Yes, sir, but he is engaged." "Never mind, take in my card and say that Mr. Sothern is waiting." "It will be no use, sir, as he is very busy at an important matter." Sothern replied haughtily, "I tell you to take it in, as I am to dine with the Governor and—" Here Mr. Dickinson came from behind the screen, and, holding the letter of acceptance in his hand, said, "Won't it be just as well to dine with me, Ned?" "Oh, Good Lord, a sell, a sell!" cried Sothern, grasping Dickinson by the arm and leading him out to the elegant barouche in which he had driven up. "Oh Lord, what will Billy Florence and the boys say to this! But do let me tell them and promise that you won't tell anyone." This promise was not made, despite Sothern's implorations.

Later in the day Sothern sent Dickinson a letter purporting to be a copy of one sent by him to the Governor, apologizing for his message and call, on the ground that he had been grossly deceived by an irresponsible Albany bummer. In reply Dickinson returned a purported copy of a letter sent by him to Governor Dix, in which his excellency was requested to pay no attention to any communications from E. A. Sothern, the actor, on the ground that he was a monomaniac on the subject of writing to distinguished men in the hope that their necessary replies would flatter his insatiable vanity.

After the play Sothern went to Dickinson and said, "Why did you send that letter to the Governor. I never sent the one of which I sent you a copy." "No more did I," was the reply, "But, my dear Ned, you're sold again." "Oh Lord, let's quit," was his reply, and from that day he played



Sarony
E. A. Sothern as Dundreary



George Rignold as Henry V

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF ARTISTES



White

BESSIE ABBOTT

The American prima donna now appearing as Maid Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood," at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Apeda

LUCY WESTON
England's leading comedienne in vaudeville

no more such tricks on his mischievous Albany manager.

It was some time in the early seventies that I first saw George Rignold, when he came to Hartford, Conn., to play "Henry V" under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, with a company so bad that between the acts he made a speech apologizing for "the scratch company" that had been furnished him. In one of the very first scenes of the play trouble began when the "Ambassadors of France," who bring in the box of tennis balls from the French Dauphin, did not enter when he called, and had to be almost dragged before the king on his throne. This incident had got Rignold's temper pretty well aroused, and a little later it got to the boiling point. The first scene of Act IV closes with Henry on his knees the night before the battle of Agincourt, uttering that beautiful prayer for the success of his army in the coming contest. The stage was in darkness, and a spot light was to be thrown on the figure of the kneeling monarch. By a stupid blunder the light was thrown about two feet above his head. The result was a delivery of the text about as follows:

"O, God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts
(Damn it, lower that light),
Possess them not with fear
(What the devil ails that light?),"

a revised version of the text that convulsed the audience.

Rignold was such a fine actor and splendid looking man on the stage that ere the evening was over he conquered all difficulties and won the audience. After the performance, he dropped into a ballroom next the theatre where some newspaper men were watching the dancers. In a few moments he accompanied some

of us into an adjoining café, where he accidentally brushed against an Irishman who drew off and hit him ere he could apologize. Rignold promptly knocked the man down, and a free fight would probably have ensued, had not a reporter drawn Pat aside and told him that the man who had floored him was a fighter who "had licked a bunch of Frenchmen that very night." On this tip Pat left, as Rignold's physique was such that this tale of his prowess seemed entirely probable.

A year or so later, I was one of an immense audience at a benefit performance at Booth's Theatre, in New York, when Rignold appeared as Romeo to five different Julietts. My programme was burned in the great Baltimore Fire of 1904, but as I recall it, the ladies appeared in this order: Fanny Davenport, Ada Dyas, Minnie Cummings, Maude Granger and Marie Wainwright. Of these, Miss Davenport appeared to best advantage, though it was perhaps fortunate for her that Adelaide Neilson cancelled, at the last moment, an acceptance to be one of the quintette. The performance was curious, rather than interesting, and when Mr. Rignold was called out at the end of the play, much out of breath, his first words were, "You see, I have survived it."

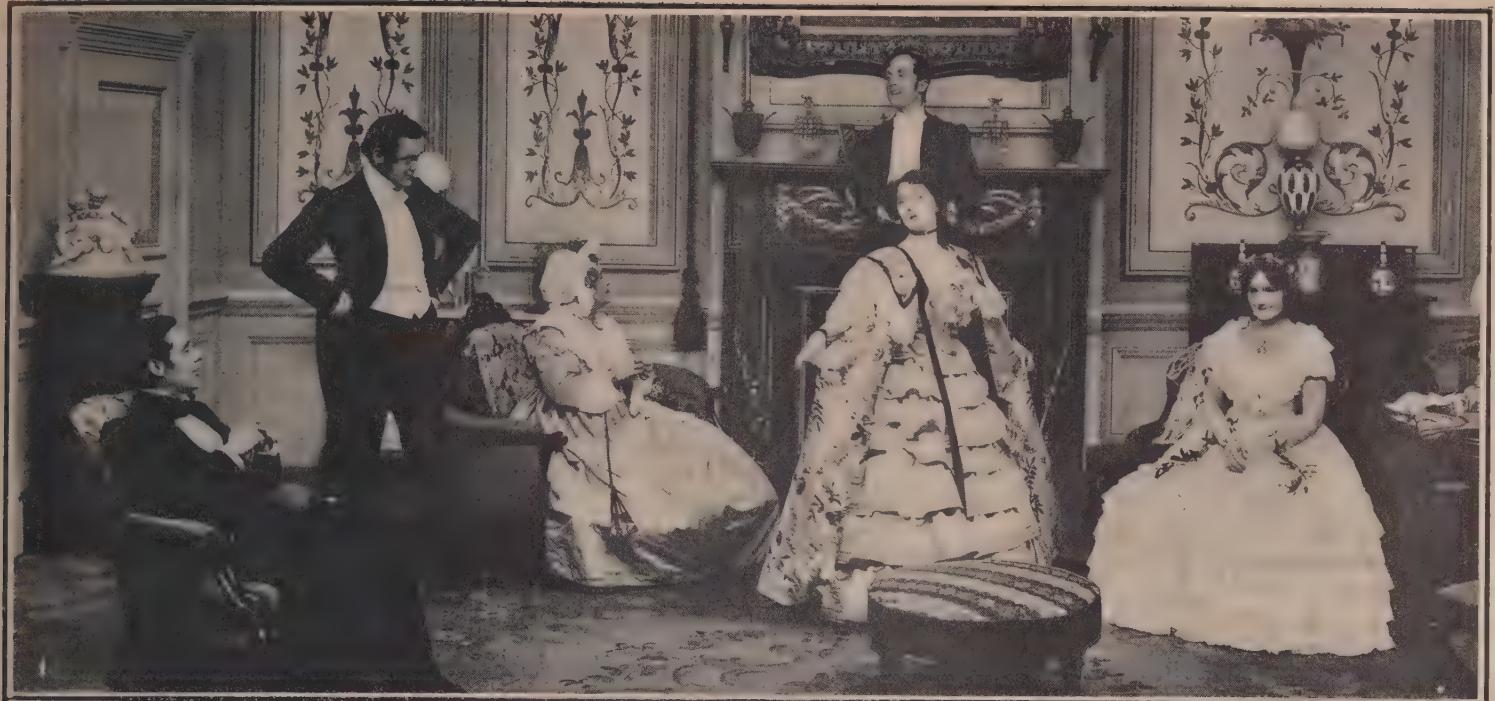
"Henry V" had a long run at Booth's that winter with Rignold in the leading rôle, which he played superbly, having a handsome stage presence and kingly manner, and though he was not especially good looking in private life, he was then dividing the worship of the matinee girls with the very attractive Harry J. Montague of Wallack's. His support was excellent, and included Charley Bishop as Bardolph and Fred Thorn as Fluellen. He was the first to introduce the spectacular return of the victorious monarch, riding into the crowded streets of the city of London upon a handsome horse.

H. P. GODDARD.



Bangs

VIVIAN MARTIN
Appearing as Sadie Small in "Officer 666," at the Gaiety



FEW plays produced of recent years in England can boast of success as complete and instantaneous as that scored by "Milestones," the new comedy by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The piece, which has already had a tremendous run in London, has been secured for America by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and will be presented in New York at the Liberty on September 16 next and in Chicago, at the Blackstone, a week later. The story is in three episodes. In 1860 John Rhead is enthusiastic, young, miles ahead of his partners. An ironfounder, he realizes the day of the wooden ship has gone. His determination breaks partnership and friendship. The Sibleys are old-fashioned. Sam Sibley is engaged to Rhead's sister, Gertrude, but she gives him back his ring. Pretty Rose Sibley loves Rhead and believes in him. That was in 1860. Thence to 1885. Rhead is now portly, prosperous and fifty. He has married Rose, who has grown into a sweet-tempered, husband-adoring Victorian matron. Rhead is rich enough

to buy a baronetcy. Gertrude is a sentimental middle-aged spinster. The Rheads have one daughter, Emily, who is in love with Arthur Preece, an inventor. Success has made Rhead obstinate. Iron ships have made his fortune, but the idea of steel ships fills him with contempt. Of course, he will have none of Preece. He has other ideas and Emily, after a few tears, consents to marry the amiable old Lord Monkhurst. This is in 1885. So in 1912, and the Rhead's golden wedding day. Sir John is nearly eighty, bent, tired, but still obstinate and forceful. His wife is sweeter and more lovable than ever. Emily is a handsome widow with two children—the boy a fool, the girl a beauty, who falls in love with an engineer. She is determined to marry him, regardless of family protests. Then Emily tells her daughter the truth. She is a lonely woman. She is fighting for herself. The girl promises never to leave her. This is in 1912. Fortunately the inventor, now become a Labor M. P., turns up in time to save the situation.



No. 1. Act 1—Ned conceals his enthusiasm for his sweetheart. No. 2. Act 2—John Rhead chides Gertrude for her attachment for Preece. No. 3. Act 2—Ned is surprised at Gertrude's coldness. No. 4. Act 3—Muriel bids her grandfather good night. No. 5. Act 3—Rose pleads for the young people

SCENES IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 5. Du Barry

HERE were million-dollar beauties before the Du Barry, and there have been many of them since she lived, but none had a more thrilling or spectacular career than the favorite of Louis XV. Her immediate predecessor, the Pompadour, lived and died as those before her had done—chiefly noblewomen of title or ancestry. Many of them were born amid the gaiety of courts and their advancement to what might be termed a stellar position was notable merely for the growth of their extravagance, the authority they were able to exercise with their sovereign lords and the popularity or enmity among the royal entourage. With no great stretch of the imagination, it would have been easy to prophesy the future of some women who became king's favorites. In some instances there were diplomatic affairs and political intrigues at work preceding the birth of several famous women of the "left hand," that continued throughout their lives, until they arrived near the throne. Their early training eminently fitted them for their later careers. They followed the rainbow from the days of their youth. In many ways there were pathetic incidents in their careers. Sorrow, suffering and even death overtook many of them. They paid the price for their follies.

What is true of most of the others is true of Du Barry; but there are additional and extenuating circumstances, excuses for her excesses, greater tragedy in her death by the guillotine, and more precious sensations in her rise from the gutter to the dazzling heights of fame, where she swayed the sceptre over the world's greatest monarchy, to her ignoble ride in the death-cart, while the mob howled for her head.

Du Barry was the natural daughter of a seamstress. At one time in her life she would have laughed at the idea of anything like ancestors. It has been a question for a century and more whether her father was an unfrocked monk, called Gomard de Vaubernier, or a sailor, or possibly a tax collector. All of these claims

have been made and maintained by circumstantial evidence, but the baby's first baptismal record was silent upon this matter, although a forged document took its place after the rise of the nameless child to a place of distinction.

Doubtless Jeanne Vaubernier, as she was known in her youth, had a pretty face, a quick wit and an engaging manner, although the stamp of the vulgarian was upon her, and even in the height of her power she was notable for the shocking liberties that she took with established precedents. She was the child of Anne Bécu, and was born in the same village as Jeanne d'Arc. The mother always claimed to be a descendant of the French heroine, but such a relationship doubtless existed merely in imagination, and the daughter never put forth such a claim, even in her *mémoires*, which were verbose when relating to purely personal matter, and were doubtless written by some one else, but some person who was well informed of the subject treated.

Soon after little Jeanne's birth, her mother found herself without means of support and taking her child with her, she went to Paris to attempt to earn a living. When the little girl was old enough she was provided with a tray of buckles and other shining ornaments, which she peddled in the street. And apparently she was

a good saleswoman, for her next employment was in a fashionable millinery shop, where she not only had the opportunity to flirt with the aristocratic roués who frequented the place, but naturally rubbed elbows with the great social world of the day, for men and women alike, hung about the so-called millinery shop, eagerly inquiring for the latest trifle or foible from the loom or silversmith.

Jeanne seems to have distinguished herself at the shop. The gay flirts of Paris stood about her and listened to her talk, which was doubtless highly seasoned. The frank, crude and ready wit of the girl appealed to the jaded courtiers and it was natural that she passed from the millinery shop to a gambling



Byron Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mme. Du Barry being taken to the scaffold

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF ARTISTES



INA CLAIRE

This popular singing comedienne will continue to play the rôle of Prudence in "The Quaker Girl," this season



Moffett, Chicago

CHARLES CHERRY

This popular leading man will be seen this season in "Passers-By" and later in a new play.

parlor, where she succeeded in drawing the same element about her.

And even at this time she had not been without her violent love affairs. It was natural that she should have been always in the midst of some turbulent passion that in most cases had little or nothing to do with the outward life that people knew and gossiped about. Her first lover was doubtless a pastry cook who squandered upon her his earnings. Cosse-Brissac was a typical French lover and remained as such during the greater part of her life. Lamat spent so much money upon her that he repaired to England in disgrace. Many men were her slaves and perhaps even they could not have explained just what about her was so charming. But she fascinated and held them.

This power of hers was observed by Jean Du Barry, a spendthrift scamp, who later in life did not hesitate to ask for favors because he had been the means of obtaining her introduction to the King. He flattered and amused her, and together they

reached Paris that the girl with the blonde hair from Labille's millinery shop was installed at Versailles in the royal palace, even occupying the apartments formerly reserved for the Princess Adelaide.

Immediately all France and other courts of Europe knew what was happening. Courtiers cultivated her, diplomats prostrated themselves and the wise old Marie Theresa wrote to her daughter, Marie Antionette, to show a more respectful attitude. But on the contrary, her enemies were busy. To disarm the latter, a forged entry was made in the register of births in the parish where she first saw the light of day. The King objected to the fact that she was single, instead of being a married woman, a point of delicacy that is laughable to-day, so Jean Du Barry was quickly on the scene with his brother from the country and the King's mistress was not only provided with an honorable ancestry, as proved by the books, but also with a husband, who must have retired from the ceremony

plotted and intrigued for her advancement in the social world. Always he held before her the alluring picture of the Pompadour. France was without a royal favorite. Who should occupy that post? None other than she.

One night he arranged for her to meet the King's valet de chambre at a dinner, and as had been anticipated, that personage was captivated, and remarked that "she is worthy of a throne." And apparently he made just the report to his royal master that had been desired, for Louis had repeated many times, that he would select his favorite from outside court circles, although many men held before him the advantages of their several candidates for that position. Brothers did not hesitate to work for this "advancement" for their sisters; husbands were willing to "sacrifice" their wives, and even the church itself was not opposed to giving its approval or disapproval of persons mentioned.

But the King's curiosity had been piqued in regard to the woman of the streets, the millinery shop, and the gambling den, concerning whom wonderful reports had been made to him. So he caused her to be invited to a dinner to be attended by himself and the Duc de Richelieu. On this occasion the lady did not attempt any grand manner, and excepting in the most formal courtesies, did not seem to appreciate what it meant to be "on trial," as it proved to be, before the King. Consequently, she won him completely. She was exactly the woman he wanted to be near him. And before many days, the report

(Continued on page vi)



Copyright Charles Frohman

CHARLES FROHMAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE THEATRE BUILDING

IT is a standing joke among Charles Froh-

man's lieutenants at the Empire that they know what time their chief gets up in the morning, but have no idea when he goes to bed. He may rehearse till three o'clock in the morning, and then as the clock strikes nine he will enter his offices smiling, leisurely and débonair.

Arriving at his office, which may be described as cloister-like, because of its Gothic architecture, on the third floor of the Empire Theatre Building, the little "big" manager is met by Peter, the swift-footed, close-mouthed sentry outside the huge stone doorway, who takes his hat, and softly closes the massive hand-carved Old English oak door after him. Going directly to his little table-desk—an antique treasure which Mr. Frohman prizes highly—set in the centre of the room, he sits down in his leather-upholstered arm chair, kicks off his Congress shoes and looks over his mail. While doing this he kicks his little feet in the air, for it is there that they dangle, anyway, unless he chooses to half-sit on the forward edge of the chair.

Following close upon his heels, it is thus that one finds him, sitting facing the only door to the large square room. A chair awaits you on one side of the table within arm's reach of this Commander-in-Chief of the greatest theatrical army in the world. As you draw up your chair closer to the table, you unavoidably kick one of his unusually small Congress shoes—comfortable-looking and doubtless easy and quickly to get on and off. As one gets to know Mr. Frohman, one realizes that the manager will have nothing to do with anything that takes any unnecessary time to bother with, or that requires any thought in using. He does not even carry a watch, because, as he has remarked, "Everybody else carries a watch," meaning that if he wanted to find out the time of day he could do it more quickly, and with

A Busy Day With Charles Frohman

less bother, by inquiring of his personal or business associates than by looking for a watch that he may have forgotten to wind up.

"Charley," says Daniel Frohman, his older brother, "has made it a rule in life not to do anything that he can hire somebody else to do, thus leaving himself all the time possible to do those things that he alone can do."

The moment the visitor sits down Charles Frohman gets up and begins pacing about the room, keeping up a rapid-fire of answers to your questions. His speech has a kind of declamatory tone, and is broken up into swift, pungent sentences, as if he had the habit from continuous reading of stage dialogue and the long practice of coaching actors in the delivery of their lines. He is quicker with his answers than you are with your questions, and you have to have your wits about you or you won't catch up with him.

Charles Frohman—his associates call him C. F. for short—is a person of infinite surprises in conversation, as in everything else. Of two questions of equal importance, he is just as likely to answer the one with a negative shake of the head and the other with a ten-minute talk. It all depends on which question sets his fancy afire. To a single question which I asked him he made me a speech!

In order to keep my eyes on him while he was making this speech, since he was all the time pacing around the room, I noticed rows of photographs between statuary busts on his around-the-room five-foot-high bookcase of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke, Marie Tempest, Alla Nazimova, Otis Skinner, William Gillette, John Mason and many other of the Frohman "stars." These he calls "my people." In the midst of all these likenesses is a moon-faced clock that has a very pretty chime instead of a blatant alarm. Every morning before "the Chief" reaches his office, Peter sets the



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CHARLES FROHMAN



Moffett
will appear in "The Perplexed Husband"



Bangs
to be seen in "The Bird of Paradise"



Sarony
Louise Rutter
will be seen in "Passers-By"

chime so that it whirrs away a snatch of whatever song is in it seven or eight set times during the day. Just now it is a catchy little piece from "The Girl from Montmartre," Mr. Frohman's initial production for the new season, at the Criterion Theatre. Soon that will give way to something from either "The Marriage Market," the new musical comedy in three acts which he will present during the winter with Donald Brian as the singing and dancing star, or Leo Fall's new musical play, "The Doll Girl," to be produced in December, and that in turn for the best melody in "The Sunshine Girl," which he is to produce after Christmas with Miss Julia Sanderson in the title part.

Mr. Frohman was telling me about his having perfected an European theatrical circuit during his annual six months in London—he divides his time equally between New York and London. He said that one of the most important matters which he had settled was an arrangement with managers of theatres in the leading Continental cities for a circuit of playhouses similar to that in the United States. The cities included in the plan are Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Budapest, Lyons, Marseilles, Frankfort and Brussels. Managers of the principal theatres in these cities will provide bookings for the Frohman attractions and will be interested financially with him in the tours of companies. Through this arrangement, just as in America the leading cities and towns are booked with attractions in New York, so the leading Continental cities will hereafter

be booked with attractions from Mr. Frohman's offices in the Globe Theatre, London. When a play has succeeded in London it will be sent to the Continent, and when a successful play has been produced in Paris it will go on tour to the other houses in the circuit. In this way the Continent will be supplied with the successes of the leading producing centres of Europe, and there will be a constant interchange of the big dramatic and musical pieces, not as now a sporadic tour of a success with an inferior cast.

It would seem that Charles Frohman never stops dreaming. But he always realizes his dreams, wild as they at first sight may seem to be, and this by sheer force of his wonderful imaginative faculty and indomitable will. The manager has often said that imagination rules the world, and those who know him can only say that imagination rules him. Charles Frohman is, was and ever will be a dreamer. As Bernard Shaw once remarked of him, "He is the most wildly romantic and adventurous man of my acquaintance. As Charles XII became a famous soldier through his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Charles Frohman has become a famous manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined."



White
CLARA LIPMAN
To star this season in her own play, "It Depends on the Woman"

All his life Mr. Frohman has demonstrated this. With but fifty cents in ready money, but, as always, an imagination on which he could draw for an endless fortune, the adventurous young "Charlie" Frohman spent his last cent to see the first per-



Gould & Marsden
WILLIAM FARNUM
will continue to star in "The Littlest Rebel"

fore midnight that night, with no other funds than self-confidence, born of an insurmountable imagination, he had bought the road rights to this great war-time play, as a gambler would say, "on a shoe-string!" This was but three or four years after he had marked out a theatrical career for himself at the age of seventeen by quitting his job as an advertising clerk in a newspaper office in New York and taking a company presenting that fine old play, "Our Boys," to Chicago. Three years after this first venture, before he was twenty-one, he organized Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels and took them to Europe. And three years after spending his last fifty cents to see the initial performance of "Shenandoah" he divided \$200,000 among those who had come in with him on the scheme—Al Hayman, of San Francisco, and W. R. Hooley, of Chicago, whom he had persuaded to risk \$1,500 each, besides paying \$100,000 to the author, Bronson Howard. Four years later he entered this same Boston Museum as its manager and lessee.

Fast upon the initial start in Boston he secured a theatre in New York; then two more, and finally four altogether, with interests in others. Then he began to cast his theatrical net over theatres in nearly every city of any consequence in the country, and finally succeeded in doing the same thing in London. Now he has achieved beyond even his wildest speculations and has spread his net over Europe. There is but one thing left for him to do—to establish an around-the-world chain of theatres, a globe-encircling circuit.

Just then I was startled by the suddenness of a chime issuing from that same moon-faced clock, the hands of which now stood at 9:30. Instantly Mr. Frohman stepped over to his desk from the stone mantle-piece, by the side of which he was standing at that time, and picked up a typewritten slip of paper lying before

him. On it were notes regarding the day's work. It read:

Rehearsals	Criterion—"The Girl from Montmartre." Harris—"The Model." Empire—"The Perplexed Husband." Lyceum—"The Mind the Paint Girl."
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Then, apparently forgetting that he was being interviewed and that he had a caller, he made a bee-line for the door. No matter who is present, when Mr. Frohman's chiming clock warns him of a rehearsal which he intends to attend he bursts out of the room without even an unceremonious nod of the head. The next hour or two the fixed answer for all who seek him is, "Gone to rehearsal."

And then he always goes alone—hurrying unseen and unseeing from theatre to theatre. So few know what Charles Frohman looks like that almost nobody recognizes him during the very rare moments that he is to be seen on the street. His air is that of a man catching a train. The door-tenders of his theatres speak of him as the "to and fro-man." They never know when he is coming and he is already out of the theatre by the front way

while they are still standing at attention to let him out through the stage door.

Long before I could gather up my hat, pencil and paper he had disappeared, been swallowed up among actor-folk lounging about the sidewalks of Broadway. As I passed the different groups—an endless chain of actors telling each other of their "triumphs" on the road, to the discomfort of passers-by, leaving them barely room to squeeze through—such remarks as these greeted my ears:

"Frohman wrote me that he wanted me for the 'lead' in Gus Thomas' new play, and asked me to come to see him as soon as he got back from England, but 'the wife' likes to travel, so I guess I'll stick to the road again this season. Frohman is a good friend of mine; I've known him for years."



White LINA ABARBANELL
To be seen in a new comic opera entitled "The Gypsy"

"I'm to see Frohman myself to-morrow," spoke up another self-possessed, chesty thespian, in a voice that echoed and re-echoed to Forty-second Street. "He has offered me the 'lead' with Ethel Barrymore this season."

And so on, and yet not one of these airy thespians recognized the great manager

(Continued on page viii)



White FRANK McINTYRE
will appear in "Oh, Oh, Delphine" this season.



Photos Byron

The courtyard of an English Inn with the platform on which strolling players are performing "The Nice Wanton." It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Bell

An open place in an English village with the pageant wagon representing Noah's Ark. It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. E. Hamilton Bell. Presented by Mr. Winthrop Ames

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, of Columbia

University, is of the opinion

that when you are in Rome you should do as the Romans do. That is, he is firmly of the opinion that when his students study Greek drama, their minds should not conjure it up as produced on the stage of the Empire Theatre, but should imagine it in the Theatre of Dionysus. And an idea of that theatre is much better gained by placing a model of it before the student than by all the written specifications he might read.

To that end, Professor Matthews has begun a Dramatic Museum which bids fair to be of vital importance. At present it is in its incipiency and it needs to be properly endowed, for the reproduction of models is not an inexpensive matter, inasmuch as the time spent on one is equivalent to the time spent on many a master's thesis. There are now in the museum five models of importance, not counting the model for the scene in "The Return of Peter Grimm," donated by Mr. Belasco. Through the kindness of the Paris Opéra, a model of the Valenciennes mystery stage was prepared and presented to the University. This has served as the nucleus for the collection. The second model came from Germany, and represents accurately, under the scholarly guidance of Dr. Fritsche, the Palais-Royal Theatre, erected by Richelieu for the performance of his own pieces. The stage afterwards became the scene of many of Molière's best-known comedies.

Mr. Hamilton Bell and Mr. Joseph Wickes have done much to aid Professor Matthews in the erection of these models. Theatre-goers will remember that at the New Theatre, as an illustration of a mystery play, recounting the wayward manner of Mrs. Noah, a pageant wagon was very accurately represented in the street of a mediæval English town. This model was donated to the museum, as was also Mr. Wickes' courtyard of a Tudor Inn. This latter was procured for Prof. Matthews through the courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Ames.

A DRAMA MUSEUM

But perhaps the most important model was that of the Fortune Theatre, which, through the munificence of Mr. Clarence Mackay, was won away from England, much to the disappointment of the English press. Now to show how delicate these models are, not only in material construction but in accuracy, it only has to be noted that in the shipment of this model damage was done to it. So much so that when it was opened at Columbia University many hours were spent in piecing it together. And this could not have been done but for the deftness of Mr. Wickes and the accurate knowledge of Professor Matthews. People may speak of the difficulty of putting together a cut-up puzzle; but there is much intellectual zest in thus piecing together what might be considered the material core of the stage of a past day.

Professor Matthews is eager to increase his collection. He has sent forth a pamphlet outlining what is most needed to enhance the value of this model-phase of his museum. He needs a model of the Theatre Dionysus, one of the Roman Theatre at Orange, one of the Spanish Theatre at the time of Lope da Vega, one of the so-called Antique Theatre, one of the stage on which the Italian comedy-of-masks was performed, and one of Drury Lane at the time Sheridan held sway with "The School for Scandal." To those who would like to gain some clear conception of the structure of these theatres, no better reference could be given than Professor Matthews' own book on "The Study of the Drama," wherein he persistently upholds the influence of the structural stage upon the form of drama through the ages.

But when these models are assembled, that will not be the sole exhibition in the Dramatic Museum. As soon as one begins forming such a collection, ramifications present



The Stage of the Mystery acted at Valenciennes in 1547. This is a duplicate of the model prepared for the Paris Exposition of 1878 and now in the library of the Opéra. It was made by MM. Duvigrand and Gabin, under the direction of M. Marius Sepet. Presented by Prof. Brander Matthews

themselves, without which a museum would be incomplete. Have people not wondered how much better it is to see the print of a costume than to read a description of it? Take Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare," or the more recent volume of Wm. Winter

on "Shakespeare on the Stage." There are many pages in both devoted to the variation in costumes as seen in the varying conceptions of actors in the same rôle.

Professor Matthews has already begun gathering prints which will illumine whatever reading his students do upon the subject. This history of stage costume is an important item, and when a manager produces a play of a particular era he wants to have at hand whatever contemporary records are available. None of the public libraries have deemed it necessary to specialize in this direction. Therefore, the Dramatic Museum has a field in which it may grow to significant power, being in a city of theatrical life.

Naturally, at Columbia, when Professor Matthews begins to collect data dealing with the architectural features of a theatre, the Avery Architectural Library will rightly wonder wherein the province of a Dramatic Museum ends. But I should say that it never ends; it should be inclusive of everything pertaining to the theatre. And when one reaches that conception, the museum becomes then only one phase of a greater institution, a Dramatic Library.

Everywhere and on all occasions the need for such an institution should be emphasized. When, not long ago, Mr. Frick, the financier, proposed to transfer the Lenox Library—now on the site he has bought for his new residence—to Central Park, and when his proposal was combatted by people who are rightly guarding the future of the Park, why was it that some one did not proclaim: "Here is just the house for Professor Matthews' Dramatic Museum?" For there is room in such a building for this incipient collection to grow vastly. Already Professor Matthews is beginning to assemble some valuable books to the aid of his students—books outside the regular richness of the Columbia Library. What he needs at hand are volumes of theatrical criticism as enlightening as those by Lamb and Hazlitt; and he also would pay attention to the gathering of playbills, such as those that dotted the walls of Mr. Aubrey Boucicault's home not so many years ago. How easy it would be for students to follow the dramatic progress of Dion Boucicault if there were a complete set of his playbills in existence! For when a man such as this writes, translates or transposes some three hundred plays, a chronological record is impossible without them.

A complete collection of theatrical biography is necessary, as throwing light upon the temper of the actor and upon the conventions of his time. A collection of American drama is essential, and though the student at Columbia University always may go to the New York Public Library to consult the very rich titles in the George Beck's Collection, should the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University attain such proportions as to assure its future, all earnest students of the stage would like to see every val-

uable collection of such magnitude transferred to the museum, which will be a city affair as well as a university feature.

There is no doubt that in years to come, instead of seeing a student wasting his precious energies in tracing the significance of the split infinitive in Shakespeare, we shall see him doing laboratory work in the field of drama. Has the history of scene painting ever been exploited by the American student; has he ever studied the mechanical significance of stage effects throughout the dramatic periods; has he ever seriously examined into the claims of Gordon Craig, to determine whether this so-called New Art is really new? These are the fields opening before us and becoming more and more important.

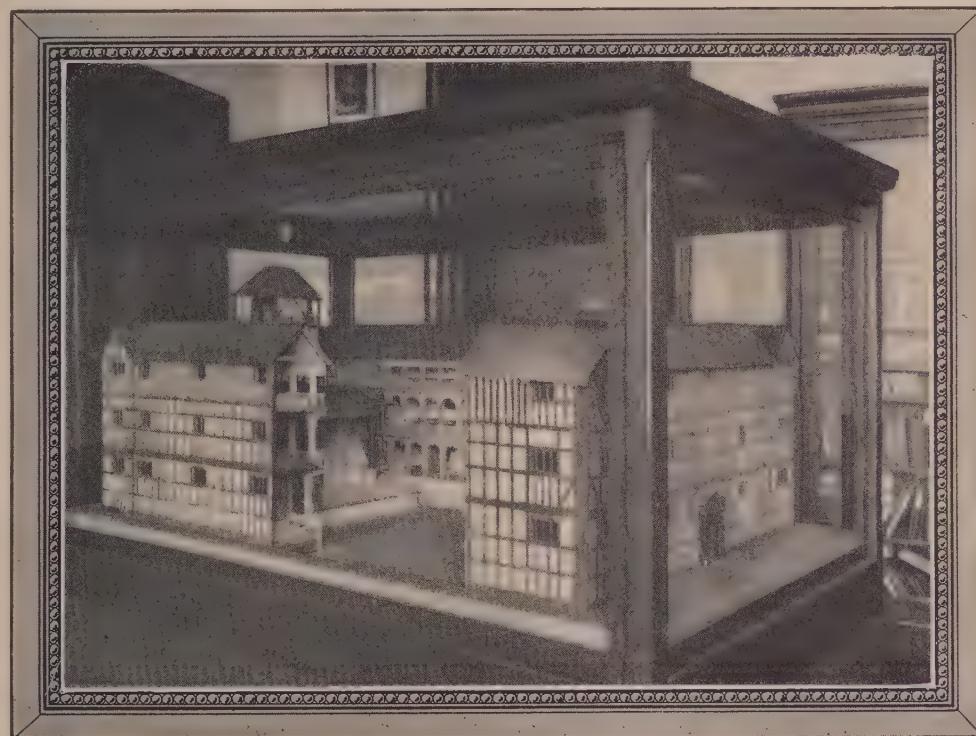
When "Oliver Twist" was revived, in the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre there were collected whatever stage materials relating to Dickens the management thought would be of interest. There were costumes worn by Jefferson, E. L. Davenport, and Fanny Davenport in Dickens rôles; there were strange

prints of the characters in Dickens' stories; there were playbills of past performances. And in this small collection there was shown vast public interest. Such a collection on a still larger scale is what Professor Matthews would like to see. He claims that Columbia may some day own original manuscripts of plays not now obtainable in print. And should the families of dramatists turn over to an institution such records as will make the dramatists available to the student, they will be doing a service to the future.

It is certain

that had there been some initiative taken in the matter, New York would have seen a permanent dramatic memorial raised to Clyde Fitch. Instead of which Amherst College was bequeathed his library and a fund for a lecture-course. We want the farces of Charles Hoyt where they may be studied; we want the plays of Bronson Howard and such letters as will show his personality and his critical attitude. These are a few more of the features needed in such a museum as Professor Matthews has started. Much has been written on this subject, and an earnest appeal should be made wherever an opportunity presents itself—for the preservation of dramatic records in a safe and public place. Professor Matthews is to be thanked for this initial effort. Of course it is not a new idea, but it is new in America. The French Government has had a hand in the making of stage models ever since 1878, and many of these models have been transferred to the library of the Opéra. The Columbia idea was doubtless developed from that. But it is more than likely that its development was necessitated by Professor Matthews' insistent note in the classroom and in his books, that the physical aspects of the theatre are very necessary for consideration. It is always the playhouse and the play—never the play alone.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Model of the Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, London. Built 1599-1600. This model exhibits the reconstruction of the Elizabethan Theatre (built by Edward Alleyn and Phillip Henslowe in the time of Shakespeare) made by Walter H. Godfrey, architect, of London, in 1907, from the original specifications preserved at Dulwich College. It embodies the views of Mr. William Archer, of London, concerning the arrangement of the staff insofar as the details were not distinctly specified. The original contract with the builder, Peter Streete, amounted to the sum of £400 sterling. The model was constructed from Mr. Godfrey's drawings by James P. Maginnis, engineer, of London, in 1911.

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage and yet are not part of the entertainment, would

Anecdotes of the Stage

fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief and have humor and point.



EDWIN BOOTH was not given to luxurious living. His meals were at all times frugal, and he relished a dish of pork and beans with the same pleasure that the small boy experiences while licking the molasses from his bread. He disfavored pink teas, or teas of any other shade or color, and Welsh-rarebits were as scarce with him as writers' cramp to Milo de Venus. One day, however, a wealthy acquaintance escorted him into a fashionable dining-room where the *beau monde* usually congregated. Booth seated himself at the gorgeously-decked table with diffidence and reluctantly took the *menu* proffered him by the polite Parisian waiter. The great tragedian viewed the card in a perplexed way. It was all in French. Booth's friend had given his order fluently and the waiter stood waiting for the actor to say something. But the latter remained speechless, staring continually at the pasteboard before him. At last the waiter, growing impatient, exclaimed: "What ees eet you'll haf, monsieur?" Booth, seeing an opportunity for a little fun, replied: "Why, bring me some *e pluribus unum*, a little *vox populi* some *honi soit qui mal y pense* and a portion of *erin go braugh*." The waiter, unabashed and without a smile, hurried away and imagine Booth's surprise, ten minutes later, when the foreign meal-manipulator returned with a big, deep dish heaped with—HASH! The joke was on Shakespeare's distinguished interpreter, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Siddons had performed Lady Macbeth in the provincial theatres many years before she attempted the character in London. Referring to the first time this part was allotted to her, she says: "It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family had retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination and development of character at that time of my life had scarcely entered into my imagination. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when its horrors rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up the candle and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day, I rose to resume my task, but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating any business for the remainder of my life."

The late Sir Henry Irving and May Robson, the well-known American actress, once happened to be playing engagements at the same time in San Francisco, and one evening they chanced to dine at the same hotel. The actress often tells how the celebrated English tragedian caused her to lose her dinner, though she was immoderately hungry. Whenever she would start to take a mouthful of food, Sir Henry would exclaim in a loud voice: "Why, Miss Robson, how can you make such a noise taking your soup? How can you run such a risk of ending your life by cutting your throat with your knife? See, how you are dropping your gravy all over the front of your dress? The actress, of course, was annoyed at so much attention being drawn to her. It was unlike Irving's usual courteous manner, and entirely uncalled for. Towards the end of the repast, totally unable to continue her dinner; and not having been able to enjoy a mouth-

ful of food, she laid down her knife and fork, prepared to leave the table in disgust. Happening to look at a table opposite she observed there the most objectionable form of country bumpkin, who, in the eagerness of his desire to watch and overhear the conversation between the two stars, was guilty of all the bad breeding which Irving had so cleverly attributed to her, as his only way of reproving the offense.



Miss Robson and Ethel Barrymore were once playing in the same company. It was Ethel's duty to play on a piano in the wings a piece that May pretended to play upon the stage. The cue given to Ethel was when she heard May say very distinctly to her lover: "I will play for you to-night," she should start to play. When the time came and May walked to the piano and ran her hands over the keys, saying "I will play for you to-night," no music came. May thought she had not spoken loud enough, and so repeated her statement several times, each time in a louder key, while the lover and the audience waited in vain for the notes. Finally in despair May said, "I don't think I will play for you to-night," and walked off the stage in high dudgeon to find out what was the matter. She found Ethel totally oblivious to her surroundings and duties, stretched out on a sofa behind the scenes, enjoying the latest novel.

Few people have any idea what agonies actors suffer from sudden lapse of memory. James E. Murdoch, the tragedian, recounts that not long after his first appearance on the stage one night at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he was announced to recite a poem, then a great favorite with the public, entitled "The Sailor Boy's Dream." He says: "Fearing that the prompter, who was old and nervous, might fail to render me such service as I felt very sure I should require, I asked my friend, Mr. Edwin Thayer, to stand in the wings with the manuscript in his hand and watch the recitation word by word. He consented, and took the prompter's place, and I went on, made by bow, and began the poem. I was a little flustered at first, but soon recovered self-possession, gaining confidence at every line and warming up as my subject was developed. At the climax of the terrible wreck, however, as I struck the attitude of horror, I suddenly felt the ground swimming under me and all my blood seemed tending to my brain. I stole a glance at Thayer, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the manuscript, but he did not look at me. Clapping my hands to my head, I started forward with my eyes raised to Heaven, and began a wild apostrophe to the dread power of the "Storm King," altogether unconscious of what I said, while word after word poured from my lips in a vehement torrent, until I brought the stanza to an end amid a burst of hearty applause. As my excitement subsided, the missing words returned, and, well-nigh exhausted with the conflict between memory and emotion, I finished my recitation and bowed myself off. Scarcely was I out of sight of the audience when Thayer cried out, in a tone of wonder and admiration, "Where did you get that other verse?" "Why didn't you prompt me?" said I. "Prompt you!" he exclaimed; "you never did better in your life. Where did you get the new lines?" "Why," I replied, "I forgot the words, and in my fright I spoke what came uppermost, and don't know what I said." "Neither do I," said Thayer; "but, words or no words, accent and rhythm were perfect, and the effect was fine. You must try and recall those words." But I felt that they had fled to the chaos from which they came, never to return, unless perhaps in some recurrence of that fearful delirium called "stage-fright," which all actors dread above everything else, and which is more apt to paralyze the tongue than to keep it in motion.

John Quincy Adams was fond of the drama, and often might be seen in attendance at the theatre in Washington, where his bald head was a conspicuous object among many other distinguished lovers of good acting. He always preferred to occupy a comfortable seat in what was then termed the pit.



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Moffett

DONALD BRIAN

This popular singing and dancing star will appear this season in "The Marriage Market"



There he could see and hear better than in any other part of the house, and moreover was not liable to be disturbed by people coming and going during the play or between the acts, the peculiar character and arrangement of the seats being such as to preclude the possibility of persons passing readily between or over them when occupied. One night Mr. Adams was seated in his favorite place in company with Hon. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. The play was "Fazio," with Mr. and Miss Kemble in the principal characters. It was a benefit night, and the house was crowded with the most celebrated and fashionable people of the Capitol City. Mr. Adams was deeply interested in the play, but found time occasionally to observe the impression it was making on Mr. Johnson, whose impulsive nature required an admonitory hand now and then to keep him in his seat, from which he would occasionally start with sudden abruptness at some unusually effective passage in the acting of Miss Kemble, who seemed to have taken entire possession of that gentleman's faculties, so thoroughly was he absorbed in the trials and sufferings of the character she was representing. The last scene of the tragedy was on, and the audience had become completely engrossed in the contemplation of the life-like acting of the heroine. It had reached its climax. The frantic shrieks of the heartbroken Bianca rang through the theatre, while the curtain slowly descended and shut out the sorrows of the mimic world. Then the audience, gradually recovering from the sad impressions of the tragedy, began, as usual, to observe the state of things in front of the curtain. "But," in the words of Mr. Adams, "there sat Johnson perfectly entranced, wholly unconscious of everything around him, his head rigidly bent forward, with his hands clapped down on his knees, his hair all disordered from the previous spasmodic clutchings of his fingers, his eyes flashing and fixed steadily on the green curtain before him, which a few moments before had fallen on the frenzied and unearthly screams of the exhausted actress, the sound of whose voice seemed still to be ringing in his ears." As the strange figure was attracting the attention of the people around him in a manner that was not pleasant to Mr. Adams, he placed his hand on Mr. Johnson's shoulder, and shaking him gently, said, "Come, Johnson, come—the play is over!" Thus aroused, he started abruptly to his feet and exclaimed in an audible voice and in the most energetic manner, "By Heavens, Adams! she's a horse! she's a horse!" "Now," said Mr. Adams, who perfectly understood Johnson's eccentric manners, and who enjoyed the whole affair in his quiet way, "those who did not know the distinguished Kentuckian's passionate love for horses might think this a very rude thing to say about a lady; but as a fine horse to him was one of the grandest and most beautiful objects on earth, the honorable gentleman, enchanted as he was with her acting, could not have paid Miss Kemble a more genuine compliment or expressed his unbounded admiration in a more natural manner."

It was a benefit night at the Victoria Theatre, London, and the last appearance of J. B. Dale, an old-time actor, without a relative in the world, except a son, who had gone to Australia many years previously and had not since been heard of. One of the plays on the programme was "Luke the Laborer, or the Lost Son." As the time approached for the curtain to be rung up on the drama, it was discovered that the actor, who was to impersonate the son, was not in the theatre. Thereupon the stage manager went before the curtain, announced the fact to the audience, claimed their indulgence and said a member of the company would read the part. Instantly, a man in the pit rose from his seat, went to the stage door, asked for the stage manager, told him he was an actor and up in the part of the son and would play it if he would let him do so. The manager consented and when the father and son met on the stage J. B. Dale greeted his own son.

On another occasion in the same theatre, Charles Kean, the tragedian, a frequent visitor to that country, was playing the title role in "Louis XI." In the dying scene Billy Cahill had to go on and say, "The King is dying, the King is dying." This he did with a brogue. The gallery gods, with whom Cahill was a great favorite, immediately recognized his voice, and greeted him with applause and roars of laughter. Kean said entreatingly in a low tone, "Take him off, take him off. I cannot die with that man on the stage." After the curtain fell Kean sent for Cahill and said, "Mr. Cahill, you may be a very good comedian,

but you cannot play tragedy. You must not appear any more during my engagement, and I will see to it that you receive your salary just the same." And he did.



If ever a certain utility actor was ever placed in a puzzled and nervous condition it was shortly after he had been cast for one of the minor characters in "Macbeth." The title rôle was in the hands of the celebrated William Charles Macready, who was merciless to those artists whom he looked upon as his inferiors. When the utility man came on the stage at the first rehearsal Macready told him to stand at a particular spot on the stage, where a nail had been driven in, when he delivered his lines. When night came he walked on, but could not see it, and began walking round and round in an effort to discover its whereabouts. In a hoarse whisper Macready exclaimed, "What the Devil are you doing?" The answer came in quick but subdued tones: "Looking for the nail, sir, looking for the nail."

Many years ago in Dublin there was a musician who staged the operas for Bunn, the celebrated English manager. While an opera was in course of preparation a celebrated London star, whom we will call Mr. Brown, was engaged to play a few nights in tragedy. The manager was in a strait for members to fill up the small parts, only the principal performers coming over from London; and the young Irish musician being up to everything in the way of fun, agreed to "go on," for some of the small characters, when necessary, to oblige his friend, Mr. Bunn. The sequel he tells in his own words: "The part in question was Lucullus, the gentleman in 'Damon and Pythias.' That's the man that kills the horse, you know. Well, the young gentleman who was cast for the part got sick, and at a moment's notice I was summoned from the music-room to 'go on' for Lucullus. Mr. Brown wasn't exactly the man to take things airy, he being a great gun, and I found him roaming about at large, pretty much as you might imagine a huge mastiff would that had lost his bone. Well, the tragedian looked at me and said, 'You're Mr. Murphy, are you?' 'Yes,' sez I, 'I am that same.' 'You're not the biggest man I ever saw,' he grumbled. 'No, sir,' sez I, 'but, you see, I'm an Irishman, and may make up in pluck what I lack in flesh.' 'Yes,' sez he, 'but the part you are to play is not a plucky one, as you are pleased to say. Lucullus is rather a timid gentleman, but a kind-hearted one, and, as you are so good as to help us in this emergency, so far the part will be suited.' 'Thank you, sir,' sez I. The rehearsal went on. I read the part, and when we came to the scene where Lucullus tells Damon how he killed his horse, Mr. Brown went over the business of the scene for me; he showed me how I was to stand, and how I was to kneel, and all about it. Well, he picked me up at the right time from my knees, and gently landed me on the other side of the stage with a bump that made me think all the lamps were lighted, and a full head of gas on at that. 'I beg your pardon,' sez he; 'you're lighter than I thought you were.' 'Yes, sir,' sez I; 'and bedad! you are a good deal stronger than I thought you were.' 'Well,' sez he, 'Mr. Murphy, you will oblige me and serve yourself if you will tie a twisted handkerchief around your body just under your arms, with the knot in front resting on your breast beneath the folds of your tunic.' 'And what will I do that for?' 'Why, sir,' sez he (and I thought he said with a sardonic smile), 'why, then, you see, when I clutch you in my fury I shall have something to hold on to stronger than the slight stuff of your dress; for I have known cases where the tunic wasn't strong, and it gave way in my clutch, and Lucullus was somewhat hurt.' 'Hurt?' sez I. 'Yes,' sez he; 'that is, frightened, maybe, more than hurt.'

"In this stage of the proceedings I made up my mind to trust to Providence and my lucky stars, that had often got me out of scrapes, but with this reservation—that if I escaped death at the hands of an infuriated tragedian this time, I would never tempt my fate again, outside of the dangers and perils of an opera at all events. I went home, read over the play, and got ready for the night. Well, seven o'clock came, and ten o'clock came, too. I got along pretty well till the scene where I have to tell him about the horse, and then—holy St. Francis!—what did I do? 'My horse! my horse!' sez he—'where's my horse?' 'I have killed him,' sez I, and then came a yell as if something hard had dropped on Damon's head. I looked up, and such a face I never saw outside of a menagerie. His hands were up above his head, his mouth frothing, and his eyes

(Continued on page vii)



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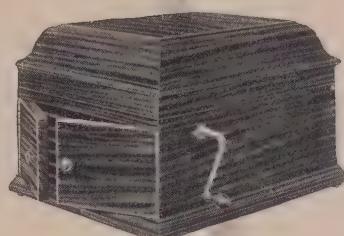
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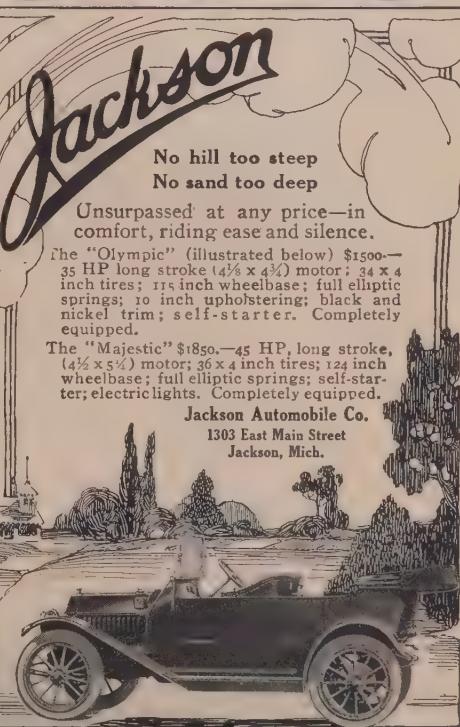
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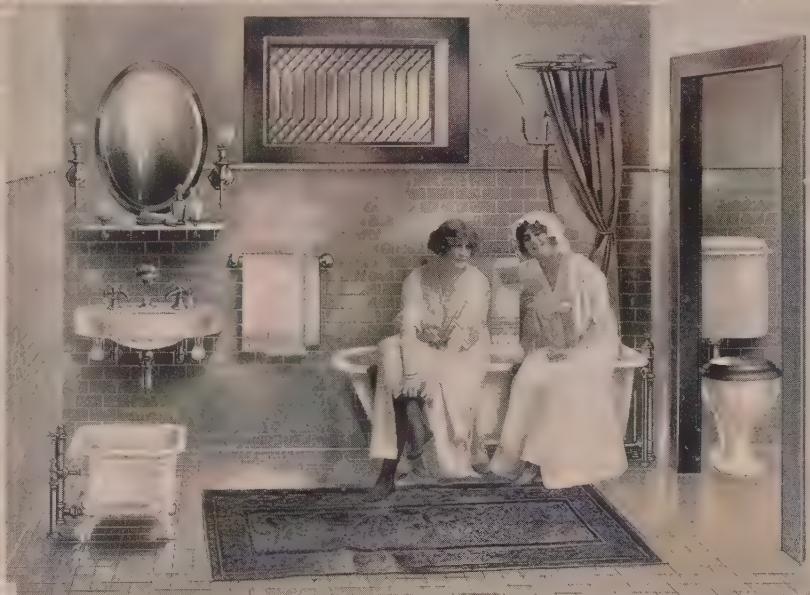
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FAMOUS WOMEN

(Continued from page 88)

well paid for the unmanly part he had played. The months passed, and there was still one achievement that caused speculation on all hands. Would Louis present her formally at his court? The comtesse and Jean said that he would. They had set their hearts upon it. But there was much to be overcome. The king's daughters objected to the lack of reverence shown to their lately deceased mother. Du Barry's life-long enemies were intent upon denying her this favor. But the King spoke the word, and all humbly prostrated themselves before her.

And forthwith began the reign of extravagance that quickly squandered a fortune that had been estimated at from seven to twelve millions of dollars. Pompadour's "after us the deluge" was speedily coming to pass. The poor were starving. Money that should have paid for their bread was wrenched from their hands for a trinket of gold for the favorite. They howled and stormed, but she basked in royal favor, and although there is no reason to believe that she was even true to her royal lord, even after this great sacrifice, she dominated and ruled until a terrible attack of smallpox left her friendless.

Doubtless the most successful of all dramas making the Du Barry the central theme of a play was devised by David Belasco for Mrs. Leslie Carter, when that actress was at the height of her career. Jean Richepin, the Algerian-French poet and dramatist, long put forth the claim that he was the real author of the work. He proved that he had submitted to Belasco a drama upon the same theme, but the courts did not uphold his contention that the story was taken from him. Du Barry was history. Her life was free material to any and every dramatist who cared to make use of it. And Belasco's version became world-famous. Richepin's was but another attempt to make an historical character live in the drama.

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For every person who can attend the opera there are a thousand who cannot, and this latter class have quickly discovered that the operatic record is a very satisfactory substitute. They have found that it brings the actual voices of the great singers to the home with the added advantage that the artist will repeat the favorite aria as many times as may be wished, while at the Opera one must usually be content with a single hearing. Even though the scenery and costumes may be lacking the absence of these accessories will now be atoned for in some measure by the graphic descriptions and numerous illustrations in this new Victor Book of the Opera, a work unique in many respects. There are many books describing the plots of operas, but we do not know of any in which can be found all these features: Titles in various languages, with pronunciation of each; date and place of original production; date and place of first production in America; cast of characters and pronunciation of the same when necessary; brief and clearly stated synopses of plots of seventy different operas; translations (all or part) of the text of several hundred separate numbers; every act and scene indicated, with description of the stage setting; every separate number mentioned in its proper place in the opera, and the numbers placed in the order in which they occur. In a word, a most valuable and almost indispensable addition to any library.

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Anecdotes of the Stage

(Continued from page 96)

rolling. My heart was beating so thick and fast I thought it must burst the knotted band that was tightening over my chest. 'I am standing here,' sez Damon, 'to see if the great gods will execute my vengeance.' I looked up at him, and felt that my hash would soon be settled; so, not waiting for what I felt would be instant death, I slipped gently off the stage and ran down under it, where they keep the stage-properties all jumbled up in the dark, and quietly hid myself in an old Tom-and-Jerry watch-box that stood conveniently open. Well, now, I know you'll ask me how Damon got out of the scrape I had got him into, but, as the man says in the play, 'If you want to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me!' All that I saw after that was only what I heard. First came the prompter's voice calling out, 'Lucullus! Lucullus!' while the people were thumping and howling away like mad. 'Lucullus! where in the devil's name are you? Damon is waiting for you, and storming like a fury.' I have no doubt he is,' sez I to myself. 'I would do just that same thing if I was Damon and somebody else Lucullus. But if I stir out of this till I'm hungry, the devil himself may get my supper.' And I didn't. I heard a great rumpus over my head on the stage, but it soon died out, and I was left in the dark. I leave you to imagine how that scene came to a close. All I have to say is, that it wasn't finished after the manner set down in the prompter's book. But one thing you may depend upon: Mr. Murphy was never cal'd upon to 'go on' for any parts, large or small, where Mr. Brown or any other strong-muscled tragedian was concerned."

Ellen Terry, the distinguished English actress, says: "A successful actress must have a good heart, and the three i's, imagination, independence and industry."

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JULES MASSENET DEAD

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet, the composer, died suddenly in Paris on August 13th last. He had been suffering for a long time from cancer, but his death was entirely unexpected.

Massenet came of good parentage and inherited his talent from his mother. He was born in 1842. His father left the army to become a manufacturer; his grandfather was a professor of history at Strasburg. The family moved to Paris in 1848, and at the age of ten Jules presented himself at the Conservatoire. He was received unanimously after an astonishing execution of Beethoven's Opus 19. At this time he was very poor. His father gave him no allowance, and as he did not wish to be a burden to his aunt, with whom he lived, he secured an engagement to play the triangle in the orchestra of the Gymnase Theatre, receiving for his service the magnificent weekly stipend of 7 francs 50 centimes (about \$1.50). In 1862 he carried off the Prix de Rome and took up residence in Italy. On his return to Paris the young musician came under the direct influence of the poet, Armand Silvestre, and his first compositions were inspired by Silvestre's poetry. Then at last came fame and fortune. The Legion of Honor was awarded to him in 1876, and in 1878 he was elected member of the Institute and became professor of composition at the Conservatoire. "Manon" was produced in 1885. The best-known of his later works are: "Werther" (1892); "Thaïs" (1894); "La Navarraise" (1894); "Sapho" (1897); "Cendrillon" (1899); "Griseledis" (1901); "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1902).

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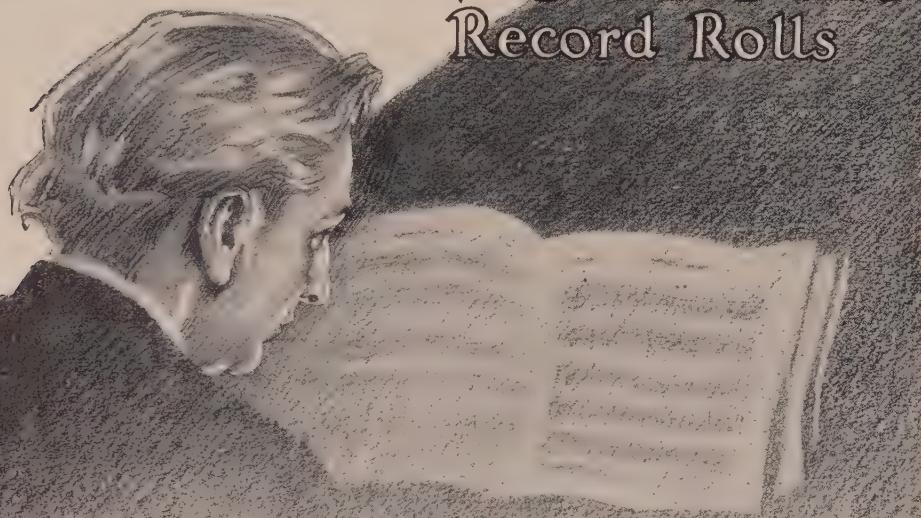
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W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

A Busy Day With Frohman

(Continued from page 91)

as he brushed by them a moment or two before!

Had I not seen the typewritten rehearsal slip, Mr. Frohman would have been lost to me, but as it was I found him at the Criterion. Taking a seat in the rear of the dusky balcony unnoticed—for I was not supposed to be at the rehearsal—I strained my eyes to watch every move of the little "big" manager.

Ten minutes before the actual time set for the rehearsal found him in his seat, in the third row of the orchestra on an aisle of an absolutely empty auditorium. There must be but one other person in the theatre and that a secretary seated just behind the manager. Then, as at a regular performance, the footlights flash up, the curtain ascends, and the performance, in rehearsal, begins. It must be borne in mind that the preliminary work is done. Nobody can ever entice Charles Frohman to a rehearsal of a play while the actors and actresses are still holding their parts in their hands, not yet having memorized the lines. That is why he has three or four stage directors, all simultaneously conducting rehearsals at different theatres. It is torture to the manager to watch a tanglefoot rehearsal with parts. Besides, it is Mr. Frohman's contention that stage direction is "not so much teaching an actor to read his lines correctly, as to read between the lines intelligently." There must be but one manuscript visible when he comes to the theatre, and that one only when the prompter steps out of the wings to help an actor halting in his lines.

The play goes on with apparent promise of continuing until the end without interruption. But all the while Mr. Frohman, sitting motionless, and gazing straight ahead, drinking in everything that is said and done without ever moving, is quietly murmuring to the secretary: "Good-bye," "cane," "chair," "lights" and similar points. Then the act ends and the curtain falls. But it has barely touched the stage than it crawls up again.

Mr. Frohman is up from his aisle seat. Hurrying towards the stage, he takes an animated position just in front of the brass rail enclosing the orchestra pit. His first act is to reassure everybody upon the stage that they have done well, for it has always been his theory that fifty or a hundred times more is got out of, or instilled into, a reassured than a frightened actor. And one who has watched the results obtained from this practice will agree with him. Having secured the friendly and close attention of the players, he turns to his secretary, who whispers the last point—"lights." On hearing it, Mr. Frohman calls for the electrician, who scrambles on to the stage and leans over the "foots" to hear what "the chief" has to say. Toward this man in the blue jeans, as toward the actors, there is first of all the same reassuring manner, first putting the man at his ease and then making it possible for him to listen attentively and to understand.

"The effect you are getting in this scene," says the manager, leaning towards the workman, who peers through the glare of the footlights, "is one of twilight. Now, the front of the stage is the fourth wall of your room, so you cannot begin to dim your lights at the footlights. You must begin with the sky through those windows at the rear. Check your border lights, beginning at the back and move forward. Now try it."

The experiment is made quickly.

"That's it; but not quite so fast. Now, once more. That's it. Fine! fine!"

While this is going on the players stand by and drink it all in. It sort of transfixes them when they see the part that lights play and the ease with which they respond to the manager's will. Then it comes their turn.

"Chair," whispers the secretary.

"Now, Miss So and So," Mr. Frohman begins, looking towards a very pretty and demure-like soubrette, "that chair annoys you; it is in your way. But the chair is all right. Later it is needed just where it is, so you see you are in the chair's way. Don't worry about it though, and don't try to dodge it; that makes you act awkwardly. Sit down on it. That's it. It is just a small point, and I'm sure you will feel more comfortable now."

The secretary whispers "cane."

"Mr. So and So, you are not a drum-major, but a young bon-vivant. Don't carry your cane as though it were a gun one minute and a sword the next. What is the cane, anyway?"

"Why, why—a walking stick," half-stammered the young actor, much perturbed.

"Then use it as such. Now, let me see, just walk over to that chair. That's it. Don't you feel now that you have a walking-stick in your hand. Of course you do, and I think it makes you do the scene infinitely better. You have the idea."

And so on through a number of points.

If you want to know what a hundred horse-power dynamo would act like in full operation, if it had five senses and a soul, follow Charles Frohman from one rehearsal to another at the opening of a theatrical season. In making from fifty to sixty productions a season in two countries, covering plays each requiring from ten to two hundred players, you can easily appreciate the pace he sets for himself, and how difficult it is for one to dog his tracks at rehearsals time.

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France Honors An Actor

(Continued from page 80)

"He is a born actor, not the made actor, and certainly not the actor who, born with genius, has strengthened it by study. He can act merely as he feels to-day. He rarely plays the same part twice alike, and this is a sure sign of imperfect art, for when an actor has once found the proper emphasis, the proper tone and the proper gesture for a phrase he should always seek to give the phrase just that emphasis, just that tone and accompany it by just that gesture. At one time he may be able to do it more effectively than another, but he should always try to do this. To this fundamental principle of the art of acting, which all great actors have complied with, Mounet-Sully cannot conform. He cannot think out a part in all its details and gain a mechanical mastery over them, leaving his mind free to the full effect of his emotion. He is only good when the part exactly suits his oriental and barbaric and somewhat ferocious temperament." It will thus be seen that he and Coquelin did not agree in their construction of the Diderot Paradox, and once when called upon to play the lead in a modern comedy the author, Emile Augier, found that what the actor acquired one day he lost the next: "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "try to have a little less genius and a little more talent."

"Le désordre du génie" would seem to apply to the practical details of this actor's art, for a description of the various dressing rooms at the Comédie, printed years since, describes the one occupied by Mounet-Sully as follows: "He lives in the midst of a picturesque confusion which is the despair of the sweeper Dennis. 'One must touch nothing, disturb nothing. Those dusty yellow papers must be left there on the chimney-piece just as they are.' *Faut pas toucher!* And on the walls in lieu of pictures are dusty wreaths of paper laurel and oak leaves, radiant with faded ribbons and inscriptions in letters of gold that record by-gone scenic triumphs. The portières are old silk stuffs; the furniture consists of Spanish coffers bristling with wrought-iron clasps and arabesques; the ornaments are antique arms, bows and arrows, Homeric quivers, Æschylean javelins, a queer mixture of players trappings and bric-à-brac."

Yet these surroundings are not surprising for a player whose greater activities were devoted to the title rôle of "Hernani," a part which he ever played with royal romanticism and picturesque plenitude; with Ruy Blas, the servant lover of a queen; with Hamlet, with Othello, scenes only; but he must have made a gorgeous picture as the noble Moor; with Creon in "Antigone," and last, but not least, with that marvelously pitiable figure Oedipus Rex in Jules Lacroix's adaptation of the Sophoclean drama.

It would seem that Mounet-Sully's lasting reputation would rest upon his assumption of the fate-pursued Theban King. It was from first to last a noble and compelling creation. Poseur, as some have been inclined to style him, that weakness became an asset of real value in the majestic and classical pictures he presented during the earlier scenes of the play, while the true note of awesome terror and ghastly anguish were denoted with moving strength as the horror of his awful situation dawned upon him. And what a regal figure of piteous solitude he made as he blindly groped his way into the open in expiation of his crime against the gods.

It is only occasionally now that Mounet-Sully appears in public, but as he practically confines himself to this rôle it can truthfully be said of him that he never lags superfluous on the stage.

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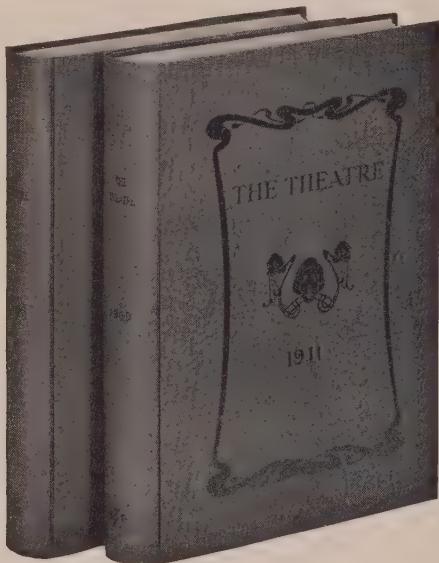
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THE NEW SEASON

(Continued from page 69)

hopes also to present Tennyson's play, "Becket," made famous in this country by the late Henry Irving. Three more Scotch companies are being brought over for the production of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

John Cort promises at least five important productions for the season 1912-13. Lina Abarbanell will sing the title rôle in "The Gypsy," a new comic opera by Pixley and Luders, to be seen in November. Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her season early in October with a new comedy entitled "Whom Does Helen Belong To?" The piece is an adaptation by Ferdinand Gottschalk from the German "Wem Gehort Helene?" by Eberhard Buchner. The Cort Theatre, which is in the course of construction in West Forty-eighth Street, directly opposite William A. Brady's Playhouse, will be completed early in October. This theatre will be opened with Laurette Taylor in a new play by Hartley Manners, entitled, "Peg o' My Heart." Miss Taylor will be under Oliver Morosco's management. Margaret Illington will continue in "Kindling," beginning her second season at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, on November 4th.

THE NEW PLAYS

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE. "JUST LIKE JOHN." A farcical play in three acts by George Broadhurst and Mark Swan. Produced on August 12th with this cast:

Mrs. Cornelie Dawley; Florine Arnold; Patty Emerson; Lola May; Dora Endicott; Helene Lackaye; Montague Baxter; Wilfred Clarke; Harry Kenyon; Wallace Worsley; John Endicott; Walter Jones; Marime La Guerra; Helen Robertson; Prince Vladimir Vlaskowski; Louis Massen; A Page; Elmer E. Redmond; An Officer; Thomas Parnot; A Waiter; Robert Andrews; A Detective; Walter Craven.

Even though the moving picture industry seems disposed to gobble up the older and more antiquated of the playhouses plenteous capital seems equally ready to put up two new theatres for every one of the old ones diverted from their original purpose. The newest home of the drama, the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, threw open its doors for the first time on August 12th and a very pretty and comfortable one it is. It seats about one thousand persons and in lines suggests the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Ivory white and light green make up the color scheme, the seats are roomy and each one commands an unobstructed view of the stage. Its proportions are excellent and the acoustics admirable for the proper performance of intimate comedy and repressed drama. Its destinies will be directed by the hustling Mr. W. A. Brady, who for his initial offering presented what the programme described as a frankly farcical play in three acts called "Just Like John." At a guess, and it is probably not very wide of the mark, the greater part of the piece came from Mr. Swan's pen. As Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld would describe it, Mr. Broadhurst undoubtedly supplied the "colloquial embellishments," for the dialogue has all the ear-marks of his facile, up-to-date wit. "Just Like John" may eventually be whipped into better shape, but in its original form it lacks the consecutive and consistent rattle of successful farce. There is too much talk in establishing its premises, and like a joke which needs a full and elaborate setting "in three" fails of its purpose.

CRITERION. "THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE." Farce with music in three acts by Georges Feydeau and Rudolph Schanzer. Music by Henry Bereny and Jerome D. Kern; American version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Dr. Petypon, Richard Carle; Gabrielle, Marion Abbott; Dr. Brumage, William Danforth; General Petypon, Al. Hart; Clementine, Moya Mannerling; Lieutenant Corignon, George Lydecker; Andre, Alan Mudie; Duchess de Valmonte, Bertha Holly; Loulon, Lennox Pawle; Abbe, Percy F. Leach; Mme. Sauverel, Mercita Esmond; Mme. Hautignol, Louise Donovan; Mme. De Claux, Dai Turgeon; Mme. Vautier, Lela Lee; Mme. Veron, Hazel Troutman; Mme. King, Clara Eckstrom; Baroness de Granelle, Mary Gilmore; Baron de Granelle, George T. Chance; Mons. Sauverel, John Hamilton; Mme. Ottalie, Alice Carrington; Etienne, Ralph Nairn; Praline, Hattie Williams.

For musical comedy libretto nowadays the disposition seems to be to search the past for some successful farce and turn it into a book with a new musical setting. This is what Charles Frohman has done in the matter of "The Girl From

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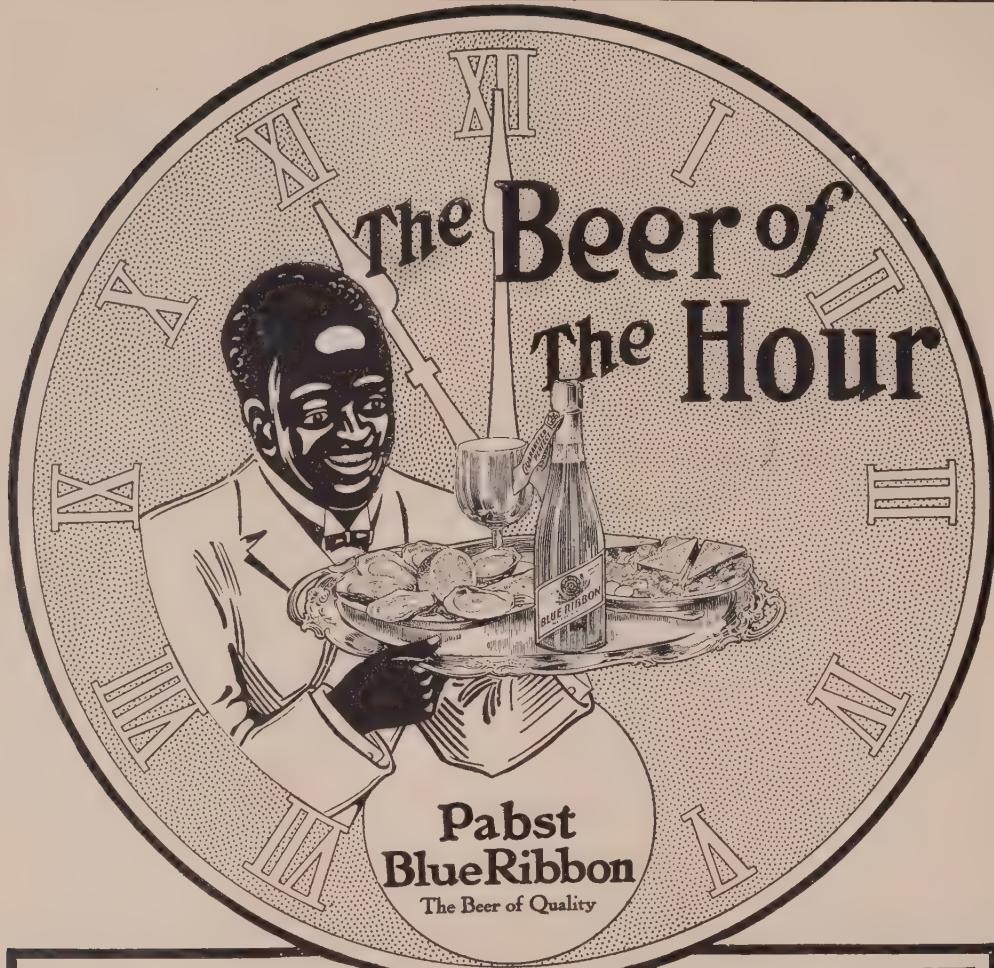
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Montmartre," for it was just thirteen years ago to the very month that at this same playhouse Mr. Frohman produced "The Girl From Maxims," the basis for the new vehicle which presents Hattie Williams and Richard Carle as joint stars, a combination, which it is later projected, shall be sent to England. It is to be hoped by that time that another and more entertaining medium will be secured for them, as "The Girl From Montmartre" is not an inspiring production.

Georges Feydeau's original farce is a composition of rapid and involved movement. It concerns a Dr. Petypon (originated here by W. J. Ferguson) who after a night out unconsciously brings back to his home Praline, the girl from Montmartre. His wife is as jealous as she is unprepossessing and his efforts to account for her presence are further complicated by the doctor's uncle, who mistakes "the girl" for the wife and invites her to the marriage of his niece, Praline loves the bridegroom-elect, the prospective bride loves someone else, so the complications which ensue can easily be imagined. But farce of this kind, which depends upon its logical sequence, cannot be arbitrarily interrupted by interpolated song and dance, and so there is a constant advance to a comic crescendo, which never gets there. For musical purposes Rudolph Schanzer made the version and for use here the Messrs. Smith, H. B. and Robert B., brought into play their respective fountain pens. Their accomplishment would suggest that their Attic ink was running low; nor will Henry Bereny's music add anything to his reputation. There is an ingenious use of the Vitascope in the final act.

Richard Carle, as the philandering doctor, is seriously funny and the dashing Praline is good, maturedly portrayed by Miss Williams. But Parisian verve and dash and vocal niceties are not to be numbered among her accomplishments. Al. Hart is his usual self as Dr. Brumage and Marion Abbott gives the real touch of comedy to her assumption of the ugly wife. A pair of uninteresting lovers, who have nothing to do, are agreeably cared for by Moya Manning and Alan Mudie. Lennox Pawle, a comedian of talent and resource, is wasted on a vacuous part, and so is Ralph Laird as a footman.

BROADWAY. "HANKY PANKY." A jumble of jollification in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz and music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Cutie Wriggle, Flo May; Dope Wriggle, Myrtle Gilbert; Ponsonby, Byrd Goolsby; Sir J. Rufus Wallingford, Hugh Cameron; Herman Bierheister, Bobby North; Wilhelm Rausmitt, Max Rogers; Solomon Bumpski, Harry Cooper; Clorinda Scribblem, Florence Moore; Iona Carr, Virginia Evans; Blackie Daw, Carter De Haven; Cleopatra, Christine Nielsen; Harry Manleigh, Hugh Cameron; Hinney Rausmitt, William Montgomery.

"Hanky Panky" is the same opera, of the same ownership, once known as "Hokey Pokey," the former production perhaps having less hanky pankyness and the present one less hokey pokeyness. It is more definitely described on the bills as "a jumble of jollification in two acts." It is the kind of thing evolved by the producer, who, at the final rehearsal, stamps on the stage and cries aloud, "A laugh, a laugh, anything for a laugh," and forthwith proceeds to cut out all lines dealing with the story because they are not funny, and substitutes "gags" that have been proven by long use to be to the purpose. The result is a series of disconnected and generally unintelligible ideas. He proceeds on a system, ignorant of the definition of comedy, but sure of his laughter. This is the case with many of these musical productions avowedly designed to amuse and nothing more. They have touches of humor, but they have a superfluity of farce and a lack of consistent comedy. It would be well if the people concerned understood the distinction. "Hanky Panky" was pieced together to entertain. Pieced together fits the case, because the opera is no more or less than a (generally) diverting hodge-podge that rattles about the stage for a set time. It could have been longer or shorter to fit any time limit. Promising threads of plot interest crop out in ravelled ends here and there, but they always hark away from where the biggest crowd on the stage is busy and where some real fun is going on. Hugh Cameron, a good enough comedian, does not look the character of Chester, but he does well enough in circumstances not altogether favorable. As the stenographer, Miss Florence Moore, according to her part, "didn't give a—a—ahem for anybody," but she works with an energy that tends to disprove it. No other girl can wrinkle her nose and utter a witticism with quite the same effect. Her performance, with her husband, William Montgomery, was one of the brightest spots in the piece.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

S. E. W., Jr., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Did the English actor, C. Aubrey Smith, ever appear with Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus?" A.—"The Morals of Marcus" was produced November 18, 1908, with C. Aubrey Smith as Sir Marcus Ordeyne and Marie Doro as Carlotta.

A Reader, Mobile, Ala.—Q.—Can you inform me as to how stories are written for moving pictures? Do they require a complete story or just a plot or synopsis? A.—There is a book published by The Magazine Maker Publishing Company entitled, "How to Write a Photoplay" which will give you the information you desire. The address of the publishers is 241 Fourth Ave., New York City.

L. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can you inform me who wrote the lyrics in the "Quaker Girl?" A.—The lyrics were written by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Q.—Is May Vokes in the cast and what part does she take? A.—Miss Vokes plays Phoebe.

A Reader, Jersey City, N. J.—Q.—How can I keep posted on the plays in New York City? A.—Subscribe to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

L. L. C., Detroit.—Q.—Please give an account of Sallie Fisher's stage career. A.—Sallie Fisher made her début in 1900, singing in the chorus of "The Burgomaster," followed by a season in "The Chaperon." In 1902 she played for a few weeks the leading ingenue rôle in "The Chaperon" and later was given the prima donna rôle in "The Billionaire." She appeared the greater part of that season at Daly's Theatre, supporting Jerome Sykes. On the death of Mr. Sykes in 1903 she joined Frank Daniel's forces. From that time she has played in "The Office Boy," "Sergeant Blue," "The Man from Now," "The Tattooed Man," "A Knight for a Day," "A Stubborn Cinderella" and "Modest Suzanne."

A. M. B., Seattle, Wash.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of the stage setting of "Mrs. Dott?" A.—Write to Byron, Marbridge Building, New York City.

A. M. Z.—Q.—Can you furnish the address of a reliable play-broker? A.—There are many. Miss Elizabeth Marbury, 105 West 40th St.; Sanger & Jordan, 1430 Broadway, N. Y. City; John W. Rumsey, 152 West 46th St., and others.

D. C., Brockton, Mass.—Q.—What is the best way of getting a play read? A.—Be persevering in sending it to actors and managers. Q.—Have you ever published interviews with Bruce McRae and Madame Simone? A.—See the February, 1912, and November, 1911, issues.

C. G., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—What is the birthplace of Mrs. Fiske; of Maude Adams? A.—Mrs. Fiske was born in New Orleans, La.; Miss Adams' birthplace is Salt Lake City. Q.—What is E. H. Sothern's full name? A.—Edward Hugh Sothern.

E. N. H., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of Lily Elsie and Gabrielle Ray? A.—We have never published a picture of Gabrielle Ray, but you will find a picture of Lily Elsie in the October, 1911, issue.

S. L., Boston, Mass.—Q.—How can I copyright a play? A.—Send the title and a fee of one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, and the proper papers will be sent to you.

M. L. B., Rome, N. Y.—Q.—Give a short sketch of Ethel Johnson's stage career. A.—She was born in Chicago, and made her début in that city in 1901 in the chorus of "The Burgomaster." Shortly afterward she was given a part in that play. She then appeared in "The Tenderfoot," "The Storks," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Red Mill," and "The Old Town."

R. J., Allenhurst.—Q.—Can you give the name of a book dealing with the opera singers of to-day? A.—There is a book entitled "Stars of the Opera," published by Funk & Wagnalls, which gives sketches of the lives of the present-day opera artists.

C. G. W., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Please give a sketch of Eleanor Robson's life. A.—Eleanor Robson comes of a theatrical family, and was born in Wigan, Lancashire, England. She was brought to America at the age of five and received her education at a convent on Staten Island. Her début was made on September 18, 1897, when she played Margery Knox in "Men and Women." She played in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Denver until 1900, when Liebler & Co., of New York, engaged her to appear in "Arizona." Later she was seen in "Unleavened Bread," "In a Balcony," "A Gentleman of France," "Audrey," "Merely Mary Ann," "Nurse Marjory," "Salomy Jane," etc.; all of which plays have proven successful. A few years ago she married and retired from the stage.

J. L. J., N. Y. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published a picture of Douglas Fairbanks? A.—In the January, 1912, issue. You can obtain the number direct from this office.

E. E. G., Washington, D. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published recent pictures of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern? A.—See the August 1911, issue.

Librarian, Ferndale, Cal.—A.—We do not sell pictures of artists. Pictures of Mr. Bellew or any other actor or actress can be had at Sarony, 256 Fifth Ave.

B. N., Greenville, S. C.—Q.—Please tell me if John Drew ever played in "His House in Order." A.—John Drew appeared in "His House in Order" at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 3, 1906.

F. G. H., New York City.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of the Coburn Players? A.—See the contents illustration of this issue. Q.—Are these players still appearing in New York City? A.—No.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

A WOMAN'S CAR- The Electric



AN Electric is more truly a woman's equipage than any other type of motor car. It charms not alone by its extreme fitness to every occasion but by its absolute simplicity—its perfection of arrangements.

¶ An Electric is always ready for you to use in any sort of weather—clean, noiseless, easy to operate. No chauffeur is needed. Any woman—even a child—can operate it with entire safety. For shopping expeditions; for visits to the club or settlement during the day; for the theatre, or any sort of social function in the evening, an Electric is always the correct car.

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WISTARIA BLOSSOM

Vantine's Newest and Most Delightful Perfume!

Has all the fresh fragrance of the Wistaria Blossom itself as it airily sways on its stem in the warm Spring air. Its delicate odor has at last been caught and distilled, and faithfully reproduced, in Extract, \$1.00 and \$1.75; Toilet Water, \$1.00, and \$1.50; Sachet, 75c; Toilet Powder, 25c.

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and we will mail you sample of Wistaria Sachet, and also a charming little story of the Orient, "The Loving Heart of O Ane San." Mention your dealer's name.

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In black and tan russia—low, broad heel and round toe—medium extension sole. Suitable as a practical walking shoe.

Pumps

Made in black russia and patent leather—leather military heel. Slight extension. Trimmed with silk pump bows.



Men's Oxfords

Made in patent leather, tan russia, black russia, black kid and white buckskin.



Illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York



FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

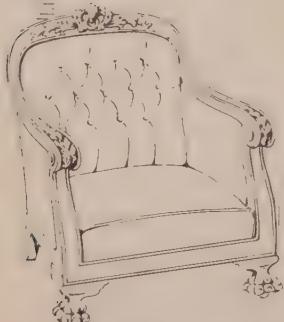
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So varied is our Exhibit of Winter Furnishings that individual requirements are readily met and a wealth of inspiration offered where plans are still unsettled or vague.

To those who avail themselves of the services of our Decorative Department, artistic results are readily possible even at a most modest expenditure, and the privilege of consulting with our expert artists is cordially extended to prospective clients.

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WITH its grey stone walls lichen-stained and mellowed by the passing of years, there is many an old English Manor House whose sunny oak-panelled Dining Parlour offers a goodly model for the town or country house of today.

It is the Furniture of such rooms as these, fashioned in the Golden Age of English Furniture designing and making that we have selected as the models for our well-known Reproductions.

It is not enough that an old example should be imitated in its mere externals. Our Reproductions embody the very spirit and intent of the old time craftsman who brought it into being.

Our Furniture is to be seen only in one or other of the Twelve Galleries we devote to its display in New York.

We have no agents and no branch establishments. Write us for our interesting book, handsomely illustrated with etchings "The House and Its Plenishing."

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INCORPORATED
34 and 36 West Thirty-second Street
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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



CHARMING GOWN OF PEACH-COLORED TAFFETA TRIMMED WITH BANDS OF GEMA LACE

ATTRACTIVE GOWN OF DARK BLUE CHARMEUSE DRAPED OVER AN UNDERSKIRT OF VENISE LACE

BEAUTIFUL GOWN OF YELLOW SATIN VEILED WITH WHITE MA-LINE LACE AND BLACK CHANTILLY

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased. Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 814 West 38th Street, New York City.

A CHAT ON FALL FASHIONS



COSTUME BY PREMET: HANDSOME GOWN OF ACCORDIAN PLAITED BLUE VOILE DE SOIE

HAVE you noticed all the specialty shops that are opening up in the fashionable shopping centres of New York?

These, together with the exclusive shops of long standing, are catering largely to the gowning of the women who find it so much more satisfactory to select from a stock of ready-to-wear garments.

So large is the demand for this class of wearing apparel that many of the prominent dressmaking establishments throughout the country now find it advisable to have on hand gowns, not as display models, but for actual sale.

Purchasing a gown in one of these exclusive shops precludes the danger of duplication, which is the chief objection to ready-made garments and it ensures excellent style.

The creations of the specialty shop are copies of exclusive French models and so in this convenient shop it is possible to purchase an exact reproduction of, for instance, a Paquin costume at

New York prices. Duplication is so remote that it is scarcely worth consideration.

The other day I happened to be in a prominent shop of this class when a woman entered and remarked to the attendant: "I must have a little street dress in a hurry. Can you give me anything ready-made in a good style?"

Immediately there were brought forth three models in charmeuse, and, as I glanced at them, I perceived that they embodied all the very latest style features.

I will tell you about the one the customer selected and you can judge for yourself. It was of black charmeuse made up in one of the latest modifications of the panier. The front of the skirt was plain, thus retaining the fashionable straight line, and the panier was adjusted at the back and side normal waist line in flat pleats that formed a puff two-thirds down the skirt and gave a pleasing, graceful effect. The Robespierre waist had a little vest of white satin, with a touch of cerise, trimmed with tiny black velvet buttons and edged with a double frill of white net. A sash



MODEL BY DRECOLL: EMBROIDERED WHITE LINON WITH BLACK TULLE BELT AND SASH



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"

A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.



Naiad Dress Shields

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odour; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs. 101 Franklin St., NEW YORK

Clement

12 West 33rd Street

New York

Originator of exclusive styles in

Hair Goods

MY LATEST styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures are now ready.

A call at my shop will reveal the individuality and superiority of these exclusive creations.

May I have the pleasure of proving these claims by showing you my goods.

I have just imported from Paris a fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc.

Your inspection solicited

HAIR COLORING

My new discovery, "Liquid Henna," is a new Harmless process, easy to apply to one's self. Success guaranteed. Price \$2.00.

I also manufacture a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, \$2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with natural daylight for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Booklet sent on request.



Royal Lilac

The New Odor that Delighted
Fashionable Europe

ELEGANT, delicate as the fragile blossoms from which it is distilled, such is Royal Lilac, the latest Hanson-Jenks toilet water.

Very subtle and fragrant is this new odor that delighted the fashionable world of Europe.

And now, because Dame Fashion says, "Lilac," we have created in Royal Lilac a toilet water that rivals the most expensive products of the world's greatest perfumers.

Nor does the high quality of Royal Lilac mean that its price is high too.

Royal Lilac costs but 75 cents a bottle
Generous double size bottle \$1.25

At all good shops

The Hanson-Jenks Company
Perfumers

149 West 36th Street - - New York

combining the black and cerise encircled the waist. No doubt the price, \$39.50, will surprise you as much as it did me.

In another shop I saw a suit of wool corduroy. By the way, this is one of the new fashionable materials. The velvet velours and peaux de souris are very beautiful, too, and many of the fall walking suits are made up in these handsome weaves. The one I saw was in a mixture of oxford and royal blue. It was made up in one of the new pleated skirts that are going to be so popular. The pleats being at the side, front and back, near the bottom, in no wise detracted from the long, slender lines of the present fashionable figure. The beautiful soutache braided collar and half cuffs had a touch of blue and the revers and turned-back cuffs were of an exquisite fur-finished velvet in oxford, together with the large buttons, giving the suit a decidedly smart effect.

The present vogue of white skirt and colored coats has created a strong demand for the white satin waists in semi-tailored designs. Of course, the Directoire influence dominates here as well as in all ready-made garments this season.

Charmeuse is a favorite material and I noticed a pretty model in one of the shops the other day. It is in white, with the collar, tie and cuffs of colored charmeuse, and the idea is to have this color match the suit. The firm will make these waists to order for only \$7.50. This charming little waist which closes with white horn, ball-shaped buttons, has a Robespierre collar forming deep points at the side and ending in a flowing tie at the low front opening.

Brocades will be very much worn during the coming season, and in the same shop is an exquisite waist in white brocade satin, not a heavy design, but a delicate tracery, and this model also shows the popularity of color combination. Amber is a particular favorite in combination with white, and this waist closes with amber buttons down the front and at the sleeves. The Robespierre collar is finished with a picot edge tie of amber silk.

In waists the satin charmeuse and messalines are favorites. Chiffon continues to be popular for the dressy models, but tulle and net are considered a little newer. Where colored waists are selected the suit colorings must be followed.

In mentioning ready-made garments, I must not overlook the new coats. A prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing a line of smart English top coats. They are in the popular seven-eighths length and the material is the soft, imported chinchilla which gives warmth without weight, and which is one of the new favorite coating fabrics. I particularly admired a model in taupe. It has a matching lining of soft silk and a soft crush collar, which, by the way, is new and exceedingly fetching.

This new collar is a modification of the Directoire idea and quite different from what we had had. It is now considered smart to have the high collar closed to the throat, but it is so arranged that it can be folded back and worn open, in rever style. These top coats have the regulation sleeve.

In the motor and utility coats there are beautiful models in bouclés, wool velours, cheviots, diagonals and fancy mixtures.

The heavy, imported bouclés in the new illuminated colors are especially attractive and look so comfy. They have the new raglan, deep set on sleeve and the high, convertible Robespierre collar and deep cuffs are of matching velvet. Large buttons add to the smartness of the coat, which can be had in brown, green, blue, black and white.

Mentioning white coats reminds me of the white mackinaws I saw a few days ago at the surprisingly low price of \$12.50. These belted Norfolk coats are just the thing for present country wear and will do for out-door sport wear. They have adjustable collars and large pearl buttons, and are a very chic garment of excellent value.

The specialty shops have long ago become noted centres for the exclusive millinery trade, and these are now displaying beautiful models, prominent among which are the combinations of velvet and maline that are now in such favor in Paris.

For early fall the demand is largely for tailored hats, and so the

other day I looked around in a Fifth Avenue parlor where tailored and semi-dress hats are featured.



AFTERNOON GOWN OF WHITE CHARMEUSE TRIMMED WITH FLOUNCES OF BLACK CHANTILLY



ALWAYS specify "Kleinert's" Dress Shields to your dressmaker and thus safeguard your gowns against the fatal effects of perspiration.

Kleinert's are made in many shapes and sizes for every need. Can be washed in hot water to destroy odor and germs, and ironed back to their original whiteness and freshness. On sale everywhere.

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If the name "Kleinert" is not on the shield it isn't a Kleinert—The Guaranteed Shield.

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GAGE MILLINERY



Send 2 cents for our Style Booklet, ready Sept. 1st; drawings and descriptions of new dress and tailored millinery, with authoritative review of fashion for fall and winter. Address Department "Y."

Gage Hats are on sale at all leading retail millinery departments and establishments. Ask for Gage Hats.

Gage Brothers & Co.—Chicago

Ask your dealer for Gage Hats



WILL YOU BE THERE?

At the L'Art de la Mode Exhibit of Fall Styles?

On September ninth and following days, the doors of our Fashion Salon will be thrown open, revealing the startling, yet charming, dictates of Fashion.

The newest French models will be shown from such master creators as Worth, Doucet, Paquin and Callot.

Tickets to the lectures are \$1.00 except to L'Art de la Mode subscribers. A limited number of invitations to the Exhibit are complimentary.

Send for yours now.

L'ART de la MODE

8-14 West Thirty-eighth Street

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NEW YORK CITY



SERVICEABLE GOWN OF BLUE TAFFETA;
PANEL OF ECRU TULLE DOWN THE
FRONT; LACE COLLAR AND CUFFS

HANDSOME GOWN OF BLACK CHARMEUSE
AND MACRAME LACE EMBROIDERED WITH
WOOLENS IN BRIGHT SHADES

*We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased. Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept.,
8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.*

The velours, with their simple grosgrain band, are very smart and excellent types of the fashionable tailored hat, and the velvets and pluses, that embraced the semi-dress variety, combine all the latest Parisian ideas.

The shapes especially are very smart: Among them are some large hats that will be worn later in the season, but in the small and medium-sized shapes that will prevail for early fall it is apparent that the crowns are smaller both in height and circumference, and that they fit the normal head.

The display shows that black and white effects have lost none of their popularity, and particularly fetching is one hat of black velvet with the fashionable, low, round crown and slightly tilting brim.

The trimming consists of a band of white picot edge ribbon encircling the front half of the crown and terminating at each side in a downward turning white brush aigrette. This is a decidedly smart model.

In fact, this entire exhibition of hats impressed me with their superior degree of elegance and smartness, which shows the amount of thought and care expended in designing the tailored and semi-dress hats that now hold such a prominent place in fashion's realm.

"Shall I get crystal buttons for my fall suit? If not, please tell me what to get and where you would recommend me to purchase them."

This is a recent query that came to me, and as it is one of interest at the beginning of a new season, I will give you the latest information on this point.

Of course, you know buttons are to be a leading factor in fall trimmings just as they have been all summer. The crystal button has had a continuous popularity throughout the season and is seen on many of the new dresses, but its present vogue seems to be more centered upon waists and light-colored dresses.

For fall the horn and bone buttons will be largely used on dresses for general wear, but for all dressy gowns the crochet button will be employed.

Lane Bryant

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Near Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

Largest Manufacturing retailer of
Negligees and Tea-Gowns

Dainty creations of swiss and lingeries
Sacques, suits and matinees for
informal home wear.

Boudoir robes of chiffon and crepe de chine. Long negligees of challie, albatross and china silk.

Maternity Dresses for street and indoor wear. Long and Short Coats.

Attractive house gowns in gathered and plaited styles with handsome lace insets.

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Mail and telephone orders filled promptly.*

No. 5 (as illustrated). Dainty Neglige of China silk sun plaited, with large collar and empire girdle. Trimmings of fine Val. lace.

Price, \$18.00



5

Louise Closser Hale

the well-known actress and author, has contributed to the September number of

THE SMART SET
A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

an unusual novelette entitled

"HER SOUL AND HER BODY"

a masterly study of sex and character
—the story of a stage aspirant.
30 other clever features, including

"San Francisco the Joyous"

by Gelett Burgess

A One-Act Play and a
Résumé of the London theatres

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WHOLESALE ONLY

149-151 Fifth Avenue - - - - - NEW YORK

Now that this has become such a strong trimming feature, the manufacturers have put forth every effort to produce a handsome button, and the beautiful displays in the shops attest to their success.



ATTRACTIVE ATTIRE OF BLACK CHARMEUSE SKIRT,
BLOUSE OF WHITE CHIFFON AND MECHLIN LACE

The objection to the unsatisfactory wearing qualities of the crochet button has been overcome by one manufacturer who shows a beautiful assortment of buttons made up of a specially prepared silk called "Sida floss." Women have long been using this same floss for embroidery purposes and I have frequently heard its durability extolled.

These crochet buttons are being shown in all sizes from the tiny trimming button to the beautiful, large specimens that will adorn the handsome fur coats of the coming season.

As buttons are more of a trimming feature, they are being shown in novel shapes. The ball effects are probably the favorites, but the cone, barrel and olive shapes are given a large representation and the crochet patterns are varied and extremely pretty.

These buttons are made up in the two hundred different shades of the floss, so you can imagine there will be no difficulty in matching any material. Particularly fetching are the black and white combinations which, of course, will be in great demand, since we are to have another black and white season.

As metal is the dominating note of the new trimmings, this firm is now producing handsome novelties, in tinsel crochet buttons. There are six colorings, among which the antique gold, which is the leading tone in the coming season's metal effects, is prominent. These tinsel buttons are the latest novelty. As they are untarnishable, as well as an attractive trimming, they will, no doubt, prove popular.

The shapes are circular, oval and square and the ball shapes are prominent. In sizes there is a wide range, the smallest being about the size of a pea.

Mentioning trimming reminds me of the strong vogue of lace that we have had all summer. The new fall displays give the assurance of the continued lavish use of this material. We see it in its various types with Venise in the lead, but macremé is still a favorite, while in the lighter effects the shadow and Chantilly divide favors. The Bohemian characteristics are very prominent in the new laces. The combination idea is also apparent, and we have beautiful laces combining shadow and Chantilly with Venise and Bohemian.

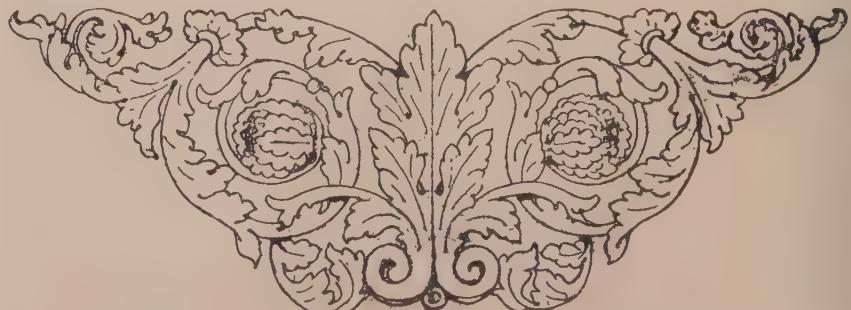
Metallic effects are very prominent, and here again the old gold is the favorite. An elegant dress pattern that I noticed in one of the exclusive shops is of fine black Brussels net; by the way, the nets bid fair to supersede the chiffons before the end of the season.

This net has an exquisitely embroidered border, thirteen inches wide, combining black silk with the metal effects, in which the various tones of gold blend beautifully with the silver shadings and produce a result at once delicate and handsome.

The waist length has a three-and-a-half-inch-wide border to match that of the skirt. I never came nearer breaking the tenth commandment than I did when I gazed upon this charmingly beautiful dress material.

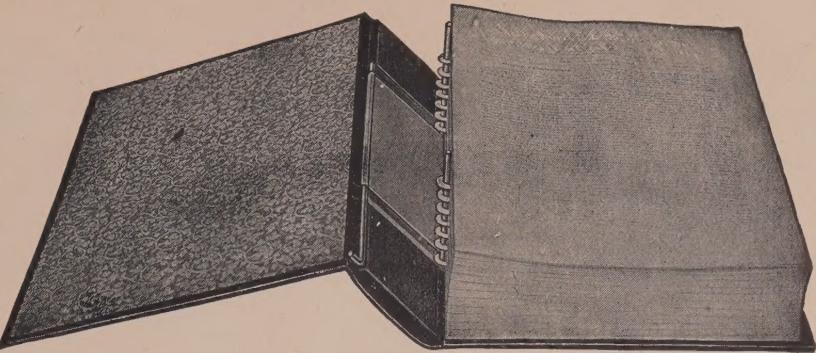
Among the queries this month is one that has been so frequently asked that I am going to quote the letter: "I am going to be married early in October. It is to be a church wedding, and my friends insist that it would be a dreadful breach of etiquette to wear anything but white. Now, I look perfectly hideous in white, and I am sure no one ought to blame me for wanting to look my best upon my wedding day. Please advise me."

I hope my reply brought happiness to the little October bride, because, in renouncing white, she is right in line with the reformers of fashion who have, for some time, been agitating this question. At several recent fashionable weddings in London the brides were attired in gowns of delicate pink, which is the color selected as a substitute for the cold white that so many brides object to. That this color should be selected is but natural, since leading dressmakers have, for some time, been using a shell pink lining for the white satin bridal gown, in order to give it a soft, becoming glow. A prominent modiste told me recently that she has several orders for pink wedding gowns to be worn at coming fall weddings.

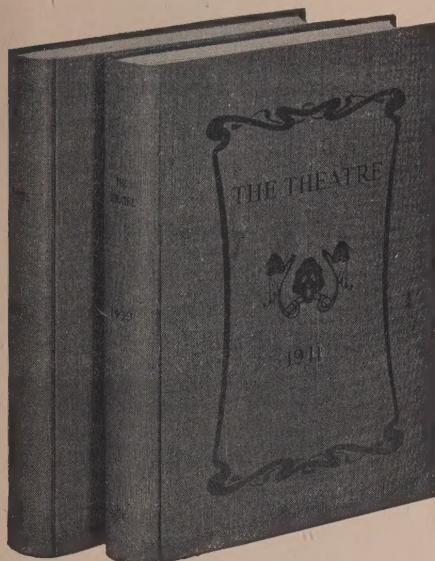


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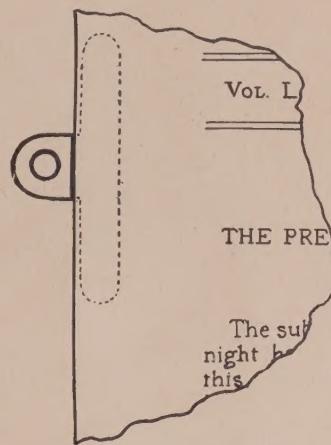
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Single Binder . . \$1.25 prepaid

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These binders are in great demand, so send in your order at once to avoid delay.

The Theatre Magazine
8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York City



Metal clip inserted in slit between pages. Tongue extends through back of book with hole to slide on post.

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE



Specimen Pages



THE success with which *The Theatre Record* was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

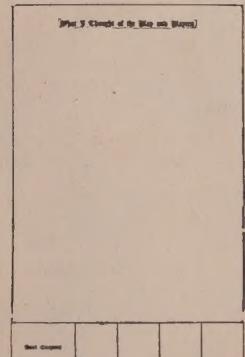
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A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10 x 14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. Postpaid, Price, \$3.00

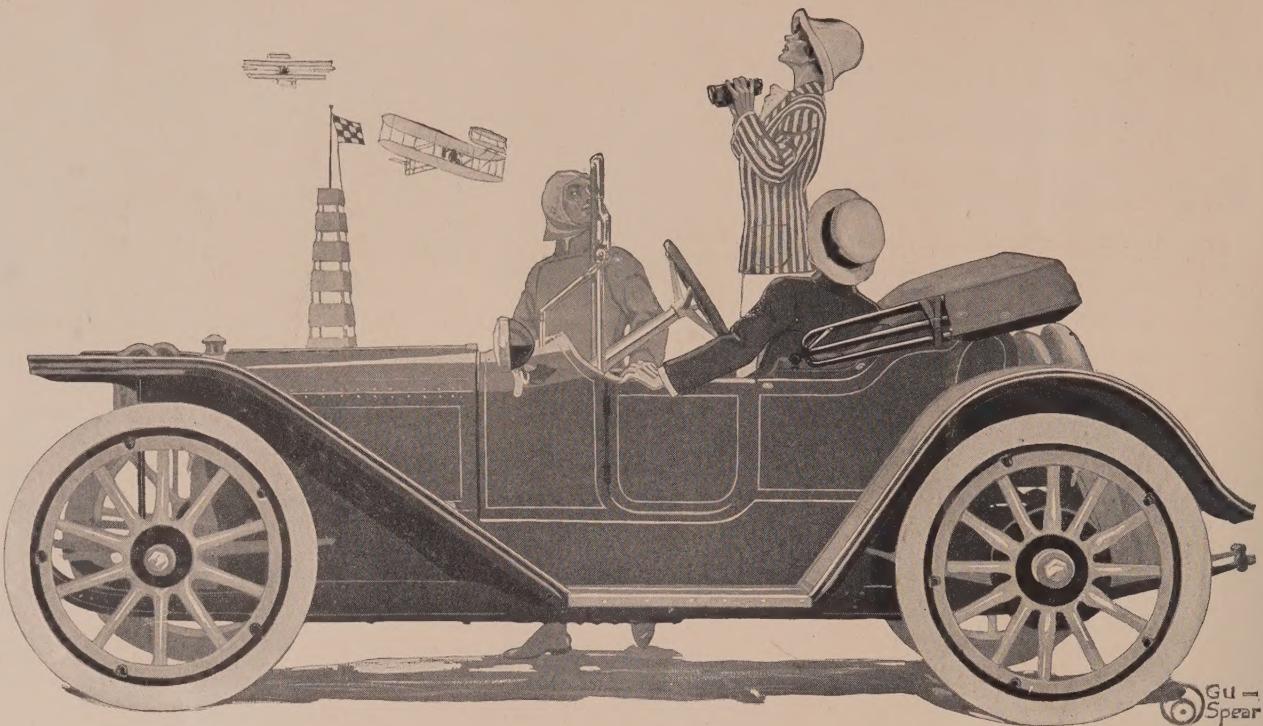
Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the plays and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.



Specimen Pages



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



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Strictly a two-passenger car. Motor, four cylinders, 5-in. stroke, 5½-in. bore. Wheel base 105 inches; tires 36x3½-inch; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

\$1475 includes regular equipment as follows: \$50 Warner speedometer, fine plate glass wind shield; Disco self-starter; electric dash and tail light supplied by a large storage battery; gas head lights supplied by Prestolite gas tank; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery with coil; one extra rim; combination circular tire holder and luggage box; horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

NOT SILENT—but “a sound so faint one can scarce distinguish it from silence.”

THE AMERICAN SCOUT is the world's motor car *unique*. It is a rare combination of the best and choicest of everything. It has beauty and strength, power and grace, comfort and charm, all harmoniously rolled into one of the most exquisite little motor cars the world has yet produced. It is an exceptional car. And yet, instead of being exceptionally high priced, it is unusually low priced.

In action this car is a perfect wonder. On "high" it throttles down to a slow, steady gait. Instantly it will jump to 40 miles an hour without the least bit of effort. It fairly sails—smoothly, swiftly and sweetly—while you hear nothing but a gentle, faint hum, to remind you of the fact that beneath the graceful hood is abundant power.

Unlike the average car of short wheel base, it rides beautifully. No jarring or jolting. No quivering or shaking. Not a particle of vibration. Just lots of comfort and loads of ease. There is an indescribable and fascinating charm in the "American Scout" which has never before been attained in any automobile short of the immense touring cars.

The "American Traveler" (Type 56A), Fully Equipped—\$4500

Six passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 5¾-in. bore, 5½-in. stroke. Wheel base 140 inches; tires, 41x4½-inch, front and rear on demountable rims.

\$4500 includes regular equipment as follows: combination electric lighting dynamo and self starter, all five lamps electric (\$350.00 outfit); \$90 Warner clock combination 100 mile speedometer; fine plate glass wind shield; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; robe rail; horn, jack, tool and tire repair outfit.

The "Scout," like all of our models, is built on the famous "American Underslung" principle, which makes possible additional safety, economy and comfort.

The low center of gravity means *safety* and added comfort.

The straight line drive means *less wasted power*.

The larger wheels mean easier riding, tire economy and *maximum road clearance*.

The "American Underslung" frame permits the direct and practical introduction of all these distinct and exclusive advantages.

The "Scout" is priced at \$1475 and comes fully equipped. All of this equipment is listed above. The "American Underslung" accessories for 1913 are the very finest made.

This car is being made in a very limited quantity. We advise you to see the "American" dealer in your locality just as quickly as possible. It will insure you of an early and prompt delivery. Make it a point to enjoy a "Scout" demonstration. It will certainly be worth while.

We will be glad to send you a 1913 catalog on request to our factory. Address Dept. T.

The "American Tourist" (Type 34A), Fully Equipped—\$2350

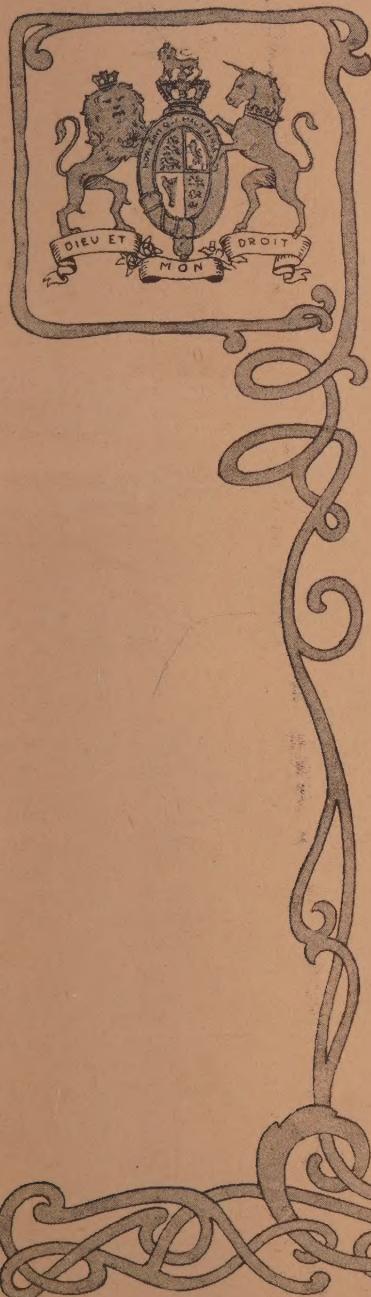
Four passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 4½-in. bore, 5-inch stroke; Wheel base 118 inches; tires, 37x4-inch; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

\$2350 includes regular equipment as follows: electric light dynamo outfit complete with generator and storage battery supplying five lamps; \$50 Warner speedometer; fine plate glass wind shield; Disco self-starter; fine mohair top and curtains; high tension magneto and storage battery; one extra rim; shock absorber; robe rail; horn, jack, tool and tire repair outfit.

American Motors Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

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In its new type of body, with the last traditions of horse-drawn vehicles wholly abandoned, the **PIERCE-ARROW** Car attains as a unit the ultimate degree of motor car efficiency which the perfection of its mechanical equipment has long foreshadowed. The Pierce-Arrow

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